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THE WORKS

OF

ALLAN RAMSAY

VOL. II.

THE

WORKS

OF

ALLAN RAMSAY.

WITH LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY GEORGE CHALMERS;

AN ESSAY ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS

BY LORD WOODHOUSELEE;

AND AN APPENDIX

RELATIVE TO HIS LIFE AND POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.

VOL. II.

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PASTORAL POEMS.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

1725.

SCENERY OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD FROM A PLAN OF 1770

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PLOT AND SCENERY OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

FROM ABERNETHY AND WALKER'S EDITION.

EDINBURGH: 1808, 2 vols, 8vo.

As Ramsay's fame rests so much on his celebrated pastoral comedy, it deserves particular notice; especially in a work, the chief design of which is to illustrate its scenery. Its other beauties have been zealously and fully pointed out by one who appears to be a scholar and Scottish antiquarian, in 'Remarks on his Writings,' prefixed to the late edition of his works of 1800, already so often, unavoidably, criticised. The following observations shall principally be directed to its plot and scenery.

In addition to the errors already detected, some very unaccountable mistakes as to these are inserted in this edition, which justice and truth require should be rectified. The most groundless and absurd assertions,—unsupported even by any pretensions to a shadow of evidence as to any one fact,—are advanced in it; in opposition to which, nothing shall be stated without proof.

A story, to be impressive, must be probable. The characters must coincide in their conduct with experience; and their sentiments must find its echo in every bosom. If nothing is recalled from it by the memory, it cannot raise sympathy. It never comes so forcibly home to our

feelings, and excites so lively an interest, as when it is authenticated by the importance of reality, and exhibits what actually happened. To history and tradition, the poet and the painter have had recourse in every age, for assistance, in order to give consequence to the highest efforts of genius. But, as in architecture, the materials of the most splendid structures, to be durable, must be primarily collected, by the most careful observation, from nature. The most powerful effects from the most enviable productions of art, have always arisen from the masterly application of faithful transcripts from real objects, to real events. Even the energy of music is increased, by using it, not only as a stimulus to action, but in reference to history. These positions require no confirmation, to such as are acquainted with the fine arts in the slightest degree. To give instances, would be to enumerate almost all the noblest works of poetry, painting, statuary, and music.

The story being communicated to Ramsay, he had likewise sufficient penetration to foresee the advantageous effects produced by such combinations. His great work too, is the result of the ingenious use of appropriate objects, taken from individual nature, to illustrate a real occurrence. It is evidently one of those popular narratives arising from Cromwell's usurpation and death, which were handed about the country after the Restoration, wrought, most dexterously, into a beautiful fable for his pastoral comedy. His characters and scenery are all originals, because they are drawn with truth, exactly as they were observed: the word *original*, in poetry and painting, being thus applied, in compliment to the superiority of Nature over the highest efforts of art, the utmost perfection of which consisting in the imitation of her objects and effects. A copy from nature stands as an original in art. His underplot ingeniously varies,

without confusion, and assists in the interest and probability of the story; and the restoration of his knight, who had fought for royalty under that popular character the enterprising Marquis of Montrose, and, after the murder of the king, who had followed the fortunes of his agreeable son and successor, is artfully associated with that great and important historical event so familiar and affecting to every inhabitant of Britain,—the restoration of Charles the Second to his crown and kingdoms. In Ramsay's day, many were alive who had witnessed and felt the effects of Cromwell's usurpation and Monk's administration in Scotland; and the country was full of well-authenticated stories produced by the circumstances attending those national incidents, many of them already fabricated into fables, by the exaggerating embellishments of circulation, much more romantic and wonderful than the genuine one, so judiciously adopted in the Gentle Shepherd, and told with so much engaging and artless propriety.

"The whole of the *fable*," says the writer of the "Remarks" in the edition of 1800, "is authorized by the circumstances of the times, in which the action of the piece is laid. The era of Cromwell's usurpation, when many a loyal subject, sharing the misfortunes of his exiled sovereign, were stripped of their estates, and then left to the neglect and desolation of forfeiture; the necessity under which those unhappy sufferers often lay, of leaving their infant progeny under the charge of some humble, but attached dependent, till better days should dawn upon their fortunes; the criminal advantages taken by false friends in usurping the rights of the sufferers, and securing themselves against future question by deeds of guilt; these circumstances, too well founded in truth and nature, are sufficient to account for every particular in this most interesting drama, and give it perfect verisimilitude."

That one of those stories communicated to Ramsay was wrought into a drama by the counsel of his literary friends, is acknowledged by himself. The following note is subjoined, in his quarto of 1728, to the first scene of the comedy: "This first scene is the only piece in this volume that was printed in the first: having carried the pastoral the length of five acts, at the desire of some persons of distinction, I was obliged to print this preluding scene with the rest." By whom the narrative which he chose was communicated, and, along with those persons his note refers to, recommended for the plot of his pastoral, tradition has handed down to us, though he is silent as to names himself. Tradition is seldom altogether groundless; but in this case it is supported by strong and authentic circumstantial evidence. The preface to 'Ancient Scottish Poems,' 1786, has preserved the report, in the following words: "Alexander Pennecuik wrote a few Scottish poems of no value, published with his account of Tweeddale. He is said to have given Ramsay the plot of the Gentle Shepherd." *Pref. p.* 136. Whether his poems are of no value, or otherwise, it is not to our present purpose to enquire; but, owing to a total ignorance as to the history of this Alexander Pennecuik, the following precious remarks have been made on the latter sentence of this quotation, in a note at the end of the Life of Ramsay, 1800, which demand notice.

"The two Pennecuiks were confounded by the editor of the Ancient Scottish Poems, 1786. 'Alexander Pennecuik,' says he, 'wrote a few Scottish poems of no value, published with his account of Tweeddale. He is said to have given Ramsay the plot of the Gentle Shepherd.' (Pref. p. 136.) The said editor seems not to have known the famous Pennecuik, whose undoubted rivality disproves the unauthorized assertion, that he gave Ramsay the plot of the Gentle Shepherd. Alexander Pennecuik,

the rival of Ramsay, was buried in the Greyfriars churchyard on the 28th of November, 1730. (Record of Mortality.) He is called on the register, 'Alexander Pencook, merchant;' as Ramsay was also called by it merchant, because he was a bookseller."

By the way, "the unauthorized assertion" here, had such been its character, should have been treated with more respect by one who so often has recourse to unauthorized assertions himself. To this brilliant note, is appended a shining list of Ramsay's and Pencook's poems on similar subjects, placed opposite to each other, as proofs of their rivalship. But, even admitting the rivalry of Ramsay and Pencook, what has this to do with the assertion, that Dr. Alexander Pennecuik of New Hall gave Ramsay his plot. "The two Pennecuiks,"—if this with propriety can be said of persons of different names, professions, and ranks in life,—"were confounded," not "by the editor of the Ancient Scottish Poems," but by the editor of Ramsay's Works, 1800. Had the editor of the Ancient Scottish Poems said, that Alexander Pencook, merchant, gave Ramsay the plot, the proof of rivalry might have been adduced as at least a presumption against the probability of the circumstance. But, in the name of wonder! what concern has Ramsay's obligation to the physician, with the "rivality" between him and the merchant? The fact is, that Pencook, though a younger man, survived Dr. Pennecuik, who lived, till 1722, only eight years; so that the latter was Ramsay's contemporary, as well as the former; and his claim is so far from being objectionable, on the head of rivalship, that, as we have fully shown, he was most intimately connected with Ramsay's chief patrons, the families of Forbes and Clerk. With Mr. William Clerk, advocate, he carried on a poetical correspondence, as has been already mentioned, so late as 1714, which is to be found in

his Works. The friendship that subsisted between him and Mr. John Forbes, advocate, is equally well-established; for it is proved from Nicolson's 'Scottish Historical Library,' p. 8., that he was assisted by Mr. Forbes in writing the 'Description of Tweeddale,' which he published in 1715. That he was on the most amicable terms with "the famous Pencook," as the merchant is called, and that he was also his contemporary, is likewise ascertained. This "famous" poet, however, does not seem to have thought Dr. Pennecuik's "few Scottish poems of no value." In a poetical complimentary address "To the ingenious and worthy Author of the following Description and Poems," in Dr. Pennecuik's Works, signed "Al. P. mercator Edinburgensis," he writes to him thus:

"Crawford, of late, the British Ovid grew,
And you prove, Sir, the British Ovid now.
I wish my worth did equalize my will;
That I in nature's secrets had thy skill;
And could express them with thy matchless quill.
Happy that people whom thou dwells among,
No wonder they're contended to live long;
Their health comes from thy hand, their pleasure from thy song.

Al. P. *Mercator Edinburgensis.*"

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, in 1701, when Ramsay passed New Hall, on his way from Crawford-Moor to Edinburgh, Dr. Pennecuik was then its proprietor, and his brother, a member of the faculty of advocates, to whom one of the best of his poems is addressed, resided in the metropolis. In 1715, when Dr. Pennecuik published his description of the pastoral shire of Tweeddale, and his poems, Ramsay was twenty-nine, or, according to his own account, thirty years of age; had been fourteen years in Edinburgh; had been several years known as a writer of verses; and had, at least two years before that,

appeared as an author, under the patronage of the Easy club, who had printed his elegy on Dr. Pitcairn.

In 1703, New Hall was acquired by Sir David Forbes, Dr. Pennecuik still residing at his other estate of Romanno, in the neighbourhood. Between New Hall and Romanno, Coldcoats,—now Macbiehill,—was the seat of Jonas Hamilton, who is often noticed by Dr. Pennecuik with great regard. The intermediate property of Whitefield, too, was possessed by his friend Sir William Drummond, whom he so often mentions in his works, son to the celebrated poet of Hawthornden whose head Ramsay chose for his sign for a bookseller. Dr. Pennecuik had engrossed the whole business in Tweeddale, and the southern district of Mid-Lothian, as a physician. Captain Armstrong, in the 'Companion' to his 'Map of Tweeddale,' or Peebles-shire, when describing Romanno, writes, p. 75, "It was the seat of Dr. Pennecuik; a gentleman to whose distinguished abilities as a physician, poet, historian, genealogist, and botanist, it would be doing an injustice to offer a panegyric from my pen." His acquaintance was likewise much courted, as an agreeable, sociable companion, possessed of much humour and information. Captain Armstrong, in describing the parish of Newlands, in which is situated Romanno, observes, p. 73, "Newland's kirk is an ancient structure, surrounded with a few lofty trees; near which is Cant's walls, a public house, where Dr. Pennecuik and the neighbouring gentry held their convivial meetings, to lull the cares of life to rest in a cup of nappy ale, and listen to the lively witticisms of that friendly humourist." His estates, profession, and pleasantry, led to his intimacy with every family in these districts, and made him acquainted, familiarly, with all their histories and anecdotes. In a peculiar manner he was induced to cultivate the society of the family who had succeeded him in the property to

which he was, naturally, above all others attached; not only from his regard for it, but from their own rank, literary talents, taste, accomplishments, political influence, and connexion with his friends. Accordingly we find, on the high authority of Archbishop Nicolson, that Mr. Forbes, his and Ramsay's common friend, assisted him in writing his 'Description of Tweeddale.' In the 'Dedication' of his Works to the Earl of March, in 1715, as to Tweeddale, he writes, "My employment, as physician, obliged me to know, and observe every corner thereof: so, what I advance in this description, proceeds not from hearsay and second hand, but from ocular inspection and proper knowledge." Thus intimately connected both with New Hall and the metropolis, with the families of Clerk and Forbes, with his places of residence and patrons,—to suppose, in such circumstances, that a brother-author and poet like Ramsay, should be unknown to him, would be ridiculous. He had besides the same cast of genius with Ramsay; and also a propensity like him toward pastoral poetry. Among his verses are 'A Pastoral Dialogue between Amorella and Celander, to the tune of Bonny Dundee;' 'A Translation out of Guarini's Pastor Fido;' 'A Translation out of the same author;' and 'A Pastoral Elegy on the death of William Douglas elder of Dornock, who departed this life the — day of July 1715,' entitled, 'Pan and Pastora, to the Shepherds asleep.' This last must have been written after July, 1715, and, of course, at least four years later than the period at which Ramsay, when twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, was known to the public as an author. Dr. Pennecuik's death did not happen till seven years after this, in 1722.

New Hall was purchased by Dr. Pennecuik's father, two years before Charles the First was beheaded, in 1648. He himself was contemporary with Cromwell, Montrose,

Monk, and Charles the Second,—all of whom make so prominent a figure, and their actions so necessary a part, in the plot of Ramsay's comedy. His companion and neighbour, Hamilton of Coldcoats, is eulogized in his poems thus,

"Valiant he was, at Worcester fight, and town,
Where, with much bravery, he threw severals down," &c.

He resided on his paternal estate of New Hall, while, a few miles below on the same stream, Monk governed Scotland, at Dalkeith house. Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, midway between these, his other neighbour and friend, was knighted by Charles the Second: and his own political principles are sufficiently evident throughout his works. In his 'Poem on the Union,' he says,

"The month of May did monarchy restore,
By Charles, when we in bondage groaned before."

In his 'Description of Tweeddale,' p. 7, he writes, concerning the inhabitants: "Of their loyalty they gave sufficient testimony at the fight of Philiphaugh, where severals of them were killed by David Leslie's army, and others, the most eminent of their gentry, taken prisoners." The Earl of Traquair was, affectedly, much attached to the royal cause; and Traquair house, below Peebles a few miles, on the other side of it from Romanno, was the first place to which the gallant, but restless, unsteady, and unfortunate Montrose, fled from Philiphaugh, sixteen miles distant. He, then, slept a night in Peebles itself, still nearer. See Wishart's Life of Montrose.

What else is the history of 'Sir William Worthy,' who had fought under Montrose, against Cromwell, and recovered his estate with the Restoration of Charles the

Second, by Monk, but that of one "of the most eminent of the gentry," referred to in the 'Description of Tweeddale,' communicated by Dr. Pennecuik, to his brother humorous and pastoral poet Ramsay, for the groundwork of a comedy?

"The two Pennecuiks," therefore, as Ramsay's editor ignorantly alleges, are so far from being "confounded by the editor of the Ancient Scottish Poems, 1786," that the tradition he has preserved, of the obligation Ramsay lay under to "Alexander Pennecuik," author of the 'Account of Tweeddale,' for "the plot of the Gentle Shepherd," is authenticated by strong circumstantial evidence, completely disproving the charge of its being an "unauthorized assertion." Ramsay, however, had the merit of adapting the story to his pastoral, the characters to the fable, and the scenery to the persons introduced. Whatever may be the opinion of his late editor, it is no more derogatory to his genius to owe the basis of his plot to the information of Dr. Pennecuik, than it is to the immortal Shakspeare to be indebted to histories, and novels, for the subjects of his noblest productions.

By a singular coincidence of circumstances, the plot and the scenery of the Gentle Shepherd, appear to have originated from the same quarter; the one from the proprietor, and the other from his place, after it had passed into the hands of the father of his associate in the description of the adjoining county of Tweeddale to which he had retired, the common friend of him and Ramsay. He seems to have been indebted to Dr. Pennecuik for the fable; to Sir David Forbes, Knight, for the model of the character and manners of his "Knight;" and to his estate for the shepherds, and scenery of his pastoral. That Ramsay, in compliment to Sir David Forbes, ascribed his character and behaviour, though not his history, to his "Knight, Sir William Worthy," there are

many reasons to believe. His respectability is adverted to under the name "Worthy;" William being placed before it, merely for the sake of the alliterative melody of the sound. His title of knight is so often repeated, and with so much industry and emphasis, as to render the design sufficiently apparent both to himself and his son. His taste, by which both he and Mr. Forbes were peculiarly distinguished by their buildings and improvements, is made a prominent feature in Sir William's character, whose eagerness to survey the state, and whose regrets on seeing the ruinous condition of the very individual objects with which Sir David Forbes had ornamented his place, are so legible and appropriate as to prove their intended application beyond a doubt. The "Mansion House" built by Sir David Forbes, and many of its appendages, still exist as they are described; the others were all entire about thirty years ago, as they are preserved in the poem.

The proofs of the adoption of the scenery around the "Mansion House," with its "gallery," and "tapestries," and "pavilions," "stables," "avenues," and "gardens," are full and decisive. Between the objects and their pictures there is the most exact coincidence, both in their relations to each other, and as the illustrations prefixed to this correct edition of the pastoral show, in their minute resemblances. This agreement is explained by Ramsay's regard for the family, and residence at the place while he was writing the comedy; both of which facts are authenticated. The views were faithfully copied from nature on the spots which they represent. On comparing them and the plan with the descriptions in the poem, the connexion will be obvious.

But the evidence as to the reality of the scenery of this beautiful drama, from coincidence, however satisfactory, when joined with Ramsay's attachment to its pro-

prietors and his residence at New Hall, is not merely circumstantial: It is confirmed by the testimony of such as had the best opportunities of information, from personal knowledge both of the parties and the place.

"While I passed my infancy," says Mr. Tytler in his edition of King James's poems, "at New Hall near Pentland Hills, where the scenes of this pastoral poem were laid, the seat of Mr. Forbes, and the resort of many of the literati at that time, I well remember to have heard Ramsay recite, as his own production, different scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two first, before it was printed." Among these literati, was Dr. Pennecuik, its former proprietor, then residing at Romanno, his other estate on the farther side of the West Linton village, south from New Hall. This is proved from his having received the assistance of Mr. Forbes in writing his 'Description of Tweeddale.' To these "literati," Ramsay himself evidently refers in his Note, subjoined to the first scene of the pastoral in his quarto of 1728, formerly quoted, when he says, he carried it "the length of five acts, at the desire of some persons of distinction." How soon Ramsay became a favourite in the related families of Forbes and Clerk, is uncertain; but it appears, from this intelligence, that he must have been admitted a visitor, and made welcome at New Hall, before the year 1716, or 1717, about which time the first scene of his pastoral seems to have been written, before it was, about 1718, printed in a single sheet. From this, it is likewise manifest he had here been in the practice of reciting to Mr. Forbes, and his literary relations and friends, Sir David Forbes,—Duncan Forbes, afterwards president of the Court of Session,—Baron Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik,—Mr. William Clerk, Advocate, his brother, and Dr. Pennecuik's correspondent,—Mr. William Aikman, who, with President Forbes, patronized Thomson, before 1722,

—Dr. Pennecuik, &c.,—not only the first scene, and to most of them the second also, before it was next separately printed in 1723, but the other succeeding scenes as they were added; till, finally, the finished drama was published complete in 1725,—the same year in which Sir David Forbes died, his nephew was made King's advocate, and his son was appointed his deputy. That Thomson, who was patronized by Mr. Forbes's relatives, President Forbes and Mr. Aikman, improved his taste here, amidst such society and scenery, is highly probable; and that it was visited by Gay afterwards, when accompanying her Grace to Pennecuik in the vicinity, the seat of Baron Clerk, Mr. Forbes's cousin, is not unlikely. It was extremely natural in Ramsay to repay his benefactor's kindnesses, and the attentions of those "persons of distinction" his relatives, who had desired him to carry the pastoral "the length of five acts," by borrowing the manners of his Sir William Worthy from the head of the family Sir David Forbes, and the scenery of his pastoral from his estate. Thus it not only owed its existence and corrections to his attentions from the family; but the beauties of its scenery to the truly pastoral district of New Hall, including the upper divisions of the North Esk and Pentland hills, whether fortunately suggested to him by these literati or not, which is so admirably suited to his purpose.

In evidence of what he writes, Mr Tytler produces a witness of the highest respectability. "I believe," continues he, "my honourable friend Sir James Clerk of Pennecuik, where Ramsay frequently resided, and who, I know, is possessed of several original poems composed by him, can give the same testimony.—*P. S.* The above note was shown to Sir James Clerk, and had his approbation." Baron Clerk's eldest son dying before his father, was lamented, in his Elegy, by Ramsay; and his second

son, to whom "the above note was shown," succeeded to the estate and title, and built the present house, offices, &c., at Pennecuik.

In the life of Baron Sir John Clerk—written, it is believed, by his youngest son—in the Scots Magazine for June 1802, vol. lxiv. p. 453; at the end of the Note we find the following corroborative sentence on this subject. "The environs of the Esk are the Tempe of Scotland, where, if fame and probability may be credited, her poets have been inspired, and gained immortality. See Ramsay's Preface to his Gentle Shepherd."

Sir James Clerk, in his pleasure-tours through Scotland and England, used frequently to be accompanied by the late Reverend Mr. Bradfute, minister of Dunsyre, a few miles west from New Hall, a respectable, ingenious man, and an agreeable companion. He wrote the Statistical Account of Dunsyre; and an Essay on the Fisheries, published in the Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland. He has likewise given his testimony, in a poem in the Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. xvii. entitled, 'A Morning Walk, at New Hall in Mid Lothian, the Seat of Robert Brown, Esq., Advocate,' in which he points out, and celebrates as such, many of the original scenes of the pastoral comedy.

In the Account of the Parish of Pennecuik in the tenth volume of the Statistical Account of Scotland, a short description of New Hall was given as connected with Ramsay's pastoral. Soon after its publication, the minister of the parish received a letter from the late Sir David Rae of Eskgrove, Baronet, Lord Justice Clerk, stating some inaccuracies, and additional circumstances, at the same time advising a more full and correct account for a succeeding volume. Agreeably to this letter, the description was written which is published in the Appendix to the seventeenth volume of the Statistical History.

Sir David Rae, as formerly mentioned, was maternal grandson to Sir David Forbes, and to Lady Forbes, sister to the first Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik; and nephew to their son Mr Forbes of New Hall. In 'The Beauties of Scotland,' article Mid Lothian, collected by a lawyer, Sir David Rae is said to have been a most strenuous advocate for the existence of the original scenery of the poem at New Hall; and none certainly had a better opportunity of knowing the truth of the fact.

In 1786, an unexpected visit was paid at New Hall house, by Mr David Allan, painter in Edinburgh, accompanied by a friend, both of whom were unknown to the family. His object was to collect scenes and figures, where Ramsay had copied his, for a new edition of the pastoral. Mr. Allan was an intelligent Scottish antiquarian, and well-acquainted with every thing connected with the poetry and literature of his country. His excellent quarto edition was published in 1788, with aquatinta plates, in the true spirit and humour of Ramsay. Four of the scenes at New Hall are made use of with some figures collected there; and in his dedication to Hamilton of Murdiston in Lanarkshire, the celebrated historical painter, he writes, "I have studied the same characters," as those of Ramsay, "from the same spot, and I find that he has drawn faithfully, and with taste, from nature. This likewise has been my model of imitation, and, while I attempted, in these sketches, to express the ideas of the poet, I have endeavoured to preserve the costume as nearly as possible, by an exact delineation of such scenes and persons as he actually had in his eye." Considered in this light, his plates may be held as necessary appendages for the understanding of Ramsay's meaning with any degree of correctness; and had the landscapes been equal to the figures, the following illustrations would have been superseded.

The evidence of Ramsay's obligations to New Hall for his pastoral comedy, is therefore decisive; both from the most unexceptionable direct, as well as the most obvious circumstantial proofs.

"About the period of the Union," says the writer of the life of President Forbes, in the Scots Magazine for July 1802, "Sir David Forbes, Knight, became proprietor of New Hall in the country of Mid-Lothian. This place may now be regarded as classic ground, from its being the favourite haunt of Allan Ramsay, and from its having been chosen by him for the scenes of his exquisite pastoral poem, the Gentle Shepherd. Sir David married Catharine Clerk, a sister of the first Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik. His property, which he much improved and enlarged, devolved, at his death, on his eldest son Mr. John Forbes. This gentleman was also a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and inherited his father's professional abilities. He acted as one of his cousin Duncan Forbes's deputes while the latter occupied the situation of Lord Advocate. Mr. Forbes's muscular vigour seems to have corresponded with the energies of his mind, for it is recorded of him, that he walked from Edinburgh to Glasgow (44 English miles), and returning on foot the same day, danced at a ball in the evening."—"Fond of rural scenery, the Lord Advocate, Duncan Forbes, took frequent opportunities of escaping from that noise and confusion naturally attendant on a great city, and spent most of his leisure hours at his cousin Mr. Forbes of New Hall's country residence. Here he was regarded as an inmate of the family, and in the house there is an apartment which is still called the Advocate's room. In this romantic recess, his Lordship not only relaxed from the arduous studies of his station; he likewise enjoyed the pleasures of good society. Mr. Forbes of New Hall, being himself a man of letters, consorted with such as were attached

to similar pursuits, insomuch that his house was the occasional rendezvous of the literati of his time. He was the friend and patron of Allan Ramsay, who frequented his table, and was peculiarly attached to the surrounding scenery. We have already observed, that the rural scenes, so exquisitely portrayed in the Gentle Shepherd, were copied from these grounds; and among the best of the poet's minor productions, are an Ode to Mr. Forbes, and another to the memory of Mrs. Forbes, the late Lady New Hall, as she is styled, according to the modes of address current in those times. But Ramsay was not the only poet in the social circle at New Hall. It is well known that the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry patronized the celebrated Gay, and that the poet occasionally attended his friends in their excursions to Scotland. The Duke and Duchess were in intimate habits with Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik; with Mr. Forbes they must of course have associated. It is therefore highly probable that the scenes depicted in the Gentle Shepherd, of which Gay was a great admirer, as well as the congenial spirit of Ramsay, with whom he was well acquainted, must have disposed him to visit New Hall. It is, moreover, to be observed, as a coincidence not a little remarkable, that while Mr. Forbes of New Hall patronized the Scottish Theocritus, the immortal poet of the Seasons found in the Lord Advocate an early protector, from whom he derived his chief support, long before the public at large recognised his merits, or acknowledged his admirable talents. Thomson, it is therefore reasonable to believe, often accompanied his friend in his retirement to New Hall, and enjoyed these beauties of nature which himself has delineated in such glowing colours, and with such an inimitable pencil."

These proofs have been the more fully stated in order to prevent any doubt as to the authority on which the

illustrations are founded. As Mr. Tytler justly observes, in his edition of King James's poems, when defending Ramsay's right to the Gentle Shepherd, "merit will always be followed by detraction." This remark applies to places, as well as persons. The merit of producing the pastoral was long ascribed to such as never wrote anything bearing the most distant resemblance to it: and, in a late anonymous, but splendid edition of his Works in 1800, the merit of producing its scenery is given, without support, upon the mere unauthorised assertion of the editor, to a place with which, or its proprietor, Ramsay had no apparent connection, and which is in in every respect at variance with the poem and its descriptions.

Of all the errors in this edition, those as to the scenery of the comedy are the most extraordinary and unaccountable; for the history of Sir William Purves, Baronet, and the objects about his estate of Woodhouselee, flatly, themselves, contradict the possibility of their having been Ramsay's models, even had he been acquainted with them. The family of Purves had left Woodhouselee long before he was born; and during his life, it was possessed by a Mr. James Deans. See Scots acts of Parliament in July 1678, &c. That Ramsay had any knowledge of Sir William Purves, Baronet, or his family, there is not a shadow of evidence. Had it been otherwise, he could not have been his model; for it now appears from an account of him published and replied to in the Edinburgh Magazines for February and March, 1802, that he neither fought under "Montrose," nor did he go "abroad;" although Ramsay has accidentally, for the sake of the alliteration, happened to give his Sir William Worthy the same Christian name. Even had the new built tower at Woodhouselee, existed either in Sir William Purves or Ramsay's day, with its solitary

avenue and garden, it could not possibly have been alluded to as the mansion of Sir William Worthy, which is repeatedly called a "house," and characterized by its "gallery" as being of a different form, and also as having more than one "avenue," or one garden. Glaud's onstead, in the poem, is furnished with at least two peat-stacks, and Symon's with a clear peat-ingle; but, unfortunately, there is not a peat dug for fuel within six or seven miles of Edinburgh, or in the whole parish in which Woodhouselee is situated. The manners and conversations of the shepherds themselves are equally inconsistent with so short a distance from the metropolis as six or seven miles. At New Hall, nine Scots miles from Edinburgh, as in the pastoral, every farm-stead is characterized by its peat-stack, and its peat-ingle; and the mansion has its gallery, its avenues, and its gardens. The spot called Habbie's How in this edition, though united with it, is so far from having anything to do with Woodhouselee, that it is at least three miles from it, on another property, with a third estate, that of Castlelaw, between the two. It is in a different parish, and even the old mansion, of the estate of Lodging-house in which it lies,—once a royal hunting-seat,—is situated about a mile and a half below it, on the water of Glencross, directly between it and Woodhouselee; neither the house, nor grounds of which, have any connexion either with the Esk, or that stream. Were this spot, however, attached to, or in the vicinity of Woodhouselee, whether or not it would, notwithstanding of this, have been entitled to the name, the following comparison, between it and Ramsay's description, by a person who has repeatedly examined the place with the greatest accuracy, will show.

Act 1. *Scene* 2.

PEGGY.

"Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How."

This part of the ravine, formed by the meeting bases of two of the Pentland hills, through which the water of Glencross runs, makes a turn here; but is not marked out by any contractions above and below, or in any way distinguished, except by the waterfall on one side of it, from the rest of the ravine. No circumstance appears, to give the smallest propriety to the name Habbie's How,

"Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow."

A great part of the declivities of the hills on each side of the ravine, consists of dry crumbling bare loose whinstone chips, entirely destitute of vegetation. Not a tree, and,—saving a bush of heath, fern, or juniper,—scarcely a shrub is to be seen elsewhere.

"Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin:"

The whole place is altogether in want of every kind of wood; and the lin is so far from being "little," that it is at least thirty feet in depth.

"The water fa's, and maks a singand din:"

The rill glides down a gutter between two rocks, and is scarcely visible in summer. No sound whatever is heard, till it comes to the bottom, when it makes a low, indistinct, splashing noise, first upon some flat rocks, and

then among a heap of large pointed fragments from the crags above. All is bare, sequestered, silent and solitary, wild and rugged.

"A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass:"

Instead of having a pool "breast deep beneath," this small rivulet trickles into a collection of rugged masses of stone, filling, and choaking up, and denying access to the lower extremity of the lin, from a considerable distance in front of it, and occupying the whole space between the rocks on each side of its channel. The water is reddish moss-water.

"Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass:"

Not a blade of grass grows within several yards of the foot of the descent; nothing appearing for a considerable way out from the lin, but confused fragments of rocks fallen from above, and bare blocks of whinstone among which the water is received and hid.

The editor of the 'Beauties of Scotland' could only in his imagination have seen,—as he thinks he did in reality,—"a few years ago," a couple of birches above, and a bathing pool beneath this water-fall. Another "poetical pedestrian pilgrimage" would convince him of his mistake. Had it been purposely sought for, a spot running more diametrically counter to the Habbie's How in the pastoral, or to the character required for it, could not have fallen in his way, to induce him to conclude that Ramsay's descriptions were altogether imaginary. Its aspect is only adapted for the Robbers of Schiller, or Salvator Rosa.

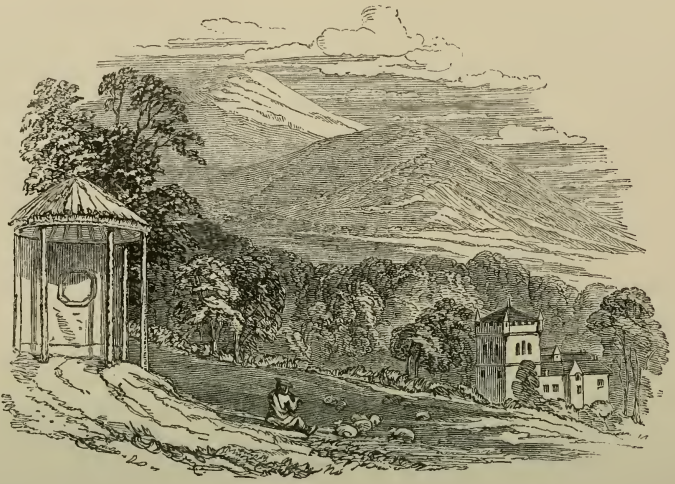
Yet we are told by the editor of his Works of 1800, that from individual nature "Ramsay's landscapes are

drawn with the most characteristic precision;" that Sir William Purves of Woodhouselee was his model for Sir William Worthy, that the present proprietor of Woodhouselee "happily possesses the supposed scene of the Gentle Shepherd;" that the "peasantry of the Pentland hills, within six or seven miles" from Edinburgh, being "cast in a finer mould" than more distant rustics, "their copies, as drawn by him," (can this apply to such as find fault with the vulgarisms of Glaud, Symon, Madge, Bauldy, &c.) "do not offend by their vulgarity;" and, that, here, "the hinds and shepherds of the Pentland hills, to all of whom this delightful pastoral is as familiar as their catechism, can trace the whole of its scenery in nature, and are eager to point out to the inquiring stranger—the waterfall of Habbie's How," &c.

In evidence of these facts, let us hear what "the inquiring stranger" himself says as to the eagerness of the hinds and shepherds to point out—"the waterfall of Habbie's How," &c.—within six or seven miles from Edinburgh; since this edition was printed in 1800.

"When the editor of this work, a few years ago, with some friends, visited the spot," on Glencross water, "he made inquiry at some country-people, whom he found cutting grass at no great distance beneath the waterfall, whether Habbie's How was in that neighbourhood? But to the no small mortification of the whole party, who had gone thither on a pedestrian poetical pilgrimage, it was found that these rustics had never heard of any such place."—*Beauties of Scotland.* Edin. 1805, vol. i. p. 248.

This is somewhat strange! and was, certainly, the less to be expected when so much indefatigable pains had been taken in teaching "the hinds and shepherds," in that part "of the Pentland hills," their new "catechism." A trifling hut of sticks and straw, with a modern tower, likewise new built, had been copied, and thrust into



RUSTIC TEMPLE ERECTED IN HONOUR OF RAMSAY,
Near the Scene of the Gentle Shepherd

notice by a small engraving, stuck, without connexion, into the edition of his works 1800; and, as a part of this new "catechism," the public at large, for their information, had been favoured, in a Note to Ramsay's Life, with a curious poetical inscription, said to be placed in this "temple," as it is called, beginning thus:

"ALLANO RAMSAY ET GENIO LOCI.

"Here midst those scenes that taught thy Doric muse
Her sweetest song; the hills, the woods, and stream,
Where beauteous Peggy stray'd, list'ning the while
Her Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love;" &c.

Peggy must have "stray'd" indeed! if she was found "here," on the other side of the Pentland hills; and the houses of Glaud and Symon, and Habbie's How, were at the remote head of Glencross water, amidst the lonely, bleak, and distant wastes, beyond the venerable mansion of Lodging-house.—To secure yet farther against the ignorant simplicity of "the hinds and shepherds," this summer [1806], an inscribed stone has been placed near the waterfall, which, at the same time that it renders all the absurdities attending these unauthorized assertions the more ridiculously permanent and conspicuous, flatly contradicts the inscription in the "rustic temple" on the other side of the hills, and more than three miles distant, which informs "the inquiring stranger," that not *There*, but "*Here*," Ramsay's "Doric muse" was "taught her sweetest song." The poor perplexed pedestrian poetical pilgrim, like the ass between his two trusses of straw, thus puzzled which side to turn to, at last discovers that what he wants is neither *Here*, nor *There*, but *elsewhere*. As the Edinburgh Magazine for the years 1801, 1802, and 1803, has as completely restored the characters and scenery to their genuine parents, as the pastoral itself had formerly been to its real author; with these corro-

borations, it may be safely left to those of Lodging-house and Fulford, now Woodhouselee, a name assumed from a celebrated place on the North Esk, to reconcile, if they can, their own differences, as well as those from Ramsay, confirmed by the evidence of their senses, if they will use them. Such impotent contradictions cannot even excite a doubt; but they can diminish the value of the publications into which they are inconsiderately admitted, and destroy their authority.

These errors in this edition of Ramsay's Works of 1800, resemble that in the Statistical Account of the parish of Glencross as to the discovery of 'The King's Quair,' which is, there, transferred to the publisher, and the name of the real discoverer, Mr. Warton, as mentioned by Dr. Henry in his history, is entirely omitted. Not a word is here hinted at of Ramsay's connexion with New Hall, or its proprietor then, either in his Life or in the Remarks which follow; but, as we are told in the Advertisement prefixed to them, that both were written "by the neutral pen of a stranger," this notice equally disclaims any interest in the statements or omissions, and accounts and apologizes for so many mistakes. What else but error can be expected where none but strangers appear.

It is hoped that a fair reference to evidence will sufficiently apologize for the fullness of these proofs, and the length of this discussion as to the plot, characters, and scenery of this exquisite transcript from nature; when it is considered that the value of the illustrations to follow, depends on the authenticity, which they will confirm, of the models from which they were copied. Even these models themselves are beginning to change, and to lose their minute coincidences with their copies. The characters, appearances, and modes of life of the inhabitants, are altering; buildings are decaying, and others are

rising in a different style of architecture; plantations and enclosures, walls, hedges, and corn-fields, separate, shut out from each other, and give a new face to many spots formerly connected, and occupied in common by shepherds and their flocks; and several of the scenes are, consequently, beginning to assume a less pastoral aspect. In the days of Ramsay, excepting the gardens, avenues, and a few plantations and enclosures still named The Family Parks, immediately about Sir David Forbes's mansion, with the hills in front and the Esk behind, the whole estate was open pasture; and Habbie's How, Glaud's onstead, Symon's house, Mause's cottage, and all the other scenes, were, with the Esk and its tributary streams the Carlops, Lin, Harbour-craig, Monk's burns, &c. in the midst of undivided sheep-walks, of which the Pentland hills made a part.

DEDICATION

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SUSANNA, COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

Madam,

The love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to choose some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says the shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment,

shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer, since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots that have dignified the names of Kennedy and Montgomery: be that the care of the herald and historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety which adorn your Ladyship's mind command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries one of better sense than good-nature, "but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?"—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, "to speak what every body thinks." Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life; but the bard who fondly hopes for immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.

—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear. But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour: I shall hope to be classed with Tasso, and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

"If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine."

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY

EDINBURGH, 25*th June*, 1725.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH THE FOLLOWING PASTORAL. (1)

Accept, O Eglintoun, the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays.
The Muse that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted thro' the verdant meads to stray.
O, come, invok'd! and pleas'd with her repair
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and as thou hear'st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,—
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Cured of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
With willing mind is bounteous to relent,
And, blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent.
Loves passion here in each extreme is shown,
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted Beauty in a golden age;

(1) This address was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, an elegant and original poet, and a most accomplished and amiable man.

Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains;
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys;
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content:
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast:
Love speaks no more what Beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,—
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race.
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came a welcome guest;
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts.
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;

Then dow'rless beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers' blood;
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise;
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms;
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

O Happiness! from human race retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
Nun, sober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why, unkind,
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy sire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.
Or say, dost thou, a duteous handmaid, wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet, when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
Seeks knowledge not in vain thy much-lov'd pow'r,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In Stairs's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms?

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil;
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with Virtue knows the power to dwell;
Nor need mankind despair those joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow:
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy grieving at another's state;
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurst,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed;
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind.
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise! how guiltless to defame!
Bold in thy presence bashfulness appears,
And backward merit loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
Confest is thine, an early blooming race,
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart,
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
When thou behold'st them of each grace possest,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest:
After thy image formed, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit or the dance to shine!

Thrice happy who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintouns of other days.
Meanwhile, peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains.
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,—
The garb our muses wore in former years.
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old;
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While midst the various gifts that gracious heaven
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

W. H.

TO JOSIAH BURCHET, SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY,

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.(1)

THE nipping frosts, and driving sna',
Are o'er the hills and far awa';
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, and bra',
Invites to sing.

(1) The eclogue, entitled 'Patie and Roger,' which now forms the first scene of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' was published several years before the author composed the pastoral comedy of that name. It was from observing the talents displayed in that eclogue, and a sequel to it, entitled 'Jenny and Meggy,' likewise separately published, that his friends advised him to attempt a complete drama in the pastoral style. [*" That the plot was previously suggested to him; and had been in contemplation before he had begun his first dialogue, about the year 1716,—though not resolved upon till afterwards, by the advice of his friends,—from his success in the two introductory scenes, is equally apparent. The dialogues were written in the order in which they appear in the comedy. They not only refer to each other, but to its issue; and even to the places, and persons afterwards introduced in the sites they occupy in them. Bauldy is repeatedly mentioned. Madge is described agreeably to the relation and character she holds throughout the rest of the pastoral; and the situation of her and her niece's abode is settled in them, according to its place in the poem, from the farmstead he had in his eye, farther down the burn than the washing-green on the "flowery howm," where her wards converse, in the Dialogue between Jenny and Meggy.

Jenny.—" Anither time's as good,—for see, the sun
Is right far up, an' we're no' yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie 's a wicked rant."

The first dialogue begins before breakfast, and the second immediately after it; as if to leave sufficient time between and the close of the day for what was intended to follow. All these circumstances indicate a preconceived plan to which, if executed, they might form the introductory part."]

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since Burchet awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously,
To weaker sight,
Set these rude sonnets (1) sung by me
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine,
Sma' need he has of sangs like mine,
To beet his name;
For frae the north to southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
Whilst hist'ries tell of tyrants' pride,
Wha vainly strave upon the tide
T' invade these lands,
Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen, (2)
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,

(1) Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English, justly and elegantly.
(2) His valuable Naval History.

How free-born Britons fought like men,
Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
This country sang, my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praises that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet, tent a poet's zealous prayer;
May powers aboon with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle skair
Of a' that's good,
'Till unto langest life and mair
You've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings sour,
And may the muses, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r!
I'm but a callan;
Yet, may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

THE PERSONS.

Sir William Worthy.
Patie, the Gentle shepherd, in love with Peggy.
Roger, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.
Symon, Glaud, } two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.

Bauldy, a hynd, engaged with Neps.
Peggy, thought to be Glaud's niece.
Jenny, Glaud's only daughter.
Mause, an old woman supposed to be a witch.
Elspa, Symon's wife.
Madge, Glaud's sister.

Scene—A shepherd's village and fields some few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action—Within twenty-four hours.

First act begins at eight in the morning.
Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.
Third act begins at four in the afternoon,
Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.
Fifth act begins by day-light next morning.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE *and* ROGER.

SANG I.

TUNE.—"*The wauking of the faulds.*" (1)

PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

(1) [• '*The Wauking of the faulds,*' is the tune selected for the song at the opening of this celebrated pastoral comedy; and the incident which produced the choice is still related with much glee and enthusiasm, as a favourite story among the hinds and shepherds in the neighbourhood of 'the craigy beild.' In the course of his many visits to New Hall, one of them paid by Ramsay was towards the end of July, after the lambs were weaned, and the ewes, at the rising and setting of the sun, were milked for the production of grease to smear with, and the making of cheese. Happening to look through one of the front windows of the house, in a fine evening, to the smooth green ascent of the Wester hill of Spittal, when the whole flock of the farm, attended by the shepherd and his dog, from the other side, appeared on the summit of the mountain, and gra-

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,—
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,—
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play.
By a' the rest it is confest,—
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,

dually descended to the milking faulds and bughts below the middle of the declivity, recalling the interests of his youth, he was so delighted with the scene that he requested of Mr. Forbes and his friends to accompany him next morning to the spot, that he might be present at the milking of the ewes in the bughts, before they were let out from the fold, again to replenish their udders. He was accordingly gratified next day, after sun-rise; and no sooner had the maids filled their pails, and the shepherd departed with the flock to its pasture, up the mountain, than he exclaimed, with the most rapturous enthusiasm, that, in commemoration of the sight, he would begin his pastoral with "a sang, to the tune of '*The wauking of the faulds!*'" Agreeably to this tradition, Mr. Tytler, in his edition of King James's poems, declares, that he himself had heard Ramsay recite at New Hall, to Mr. Forbes and his literary friends, "different scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two first, before it was printed." —*Edition of* 1808.]

With innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants,—
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate.
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great!
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins' blood,
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees shall loath the flower, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear!

ROGER.

Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
You have sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young,
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,

And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's ee;
For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten;
And should, as ane may think, come farther ben.

PATIE.

But aiblins! nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly with your cunzie part;
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

ROGER.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

PATIE.

Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss!
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;
Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool;
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't,—and near cry dool,—
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool!

ROGER.

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast;
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast.
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

PATIE.

Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,—
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd o'er true;
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,—
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.

She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy looes not her. Right well I wat
He sighs for Neps. Sae that may stand for that.

ROGER.

I wish I cou'dna looe her;—but in vain;
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd sair (1) she strak the poor dumb tyke.
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrife scorn.
Last night I play'd—ye never heard sic spite—
'*O'er Bogie*' was the spring, and her delyte,—
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd!
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair!

PATIE.

E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,—
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all houp,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp!

ROGER.

I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill;
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

(1) [" Even while he fawn'd."—*Edition of* 1808.]

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingin way,—
Seem careless,—there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd glowring about,
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheek sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythsome I cry'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew."
She scour'd awa, and said, "What's that to you?"
"Then, fare ye weel, Meg-dorts; and e'en's ye like?"
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back;
Miscaw'd me first; then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then with great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.

While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb:
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.

TUNE—"*Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*"

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
  And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
  For women in a man delight,
But them despise who're soon defeat,
  And, with a simple face, give way
To a repulse;—then be not blate,
  Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
  Say often what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
  But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
  To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
  And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER.

Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane! for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine);

A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
With spraings like gowd and siller cross'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

Weel, had ye there! And since ye've frankly made
To me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my advice.

ROGER.

As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right;
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs were they sae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have tane the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths;
A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
Its channel pebles, shining, smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg, with better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY *and* JENNY.

JENNY.

Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

PEGGY.

Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow.
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and maks a singand din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells; 'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

JENNY.

Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,

And see us sae?—that jeering fallow, Pate,
Wad taunting say, "Haith, lasses, ye're no blate!"

PEGGY.

We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads, they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me—now, dear Jenny, we're our lane—
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw!

JENNY.

I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end!
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kenn'd.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "How d' ye?"—or, "There's a bonny day."

PEGGY.

Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide.
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.
What likes a dorty maiden when she's auld?—
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,

Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time!

SANG III.

TUNE.—"*Polwart on the Green.*"

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld;
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats though hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is obliged to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

JENNY.

I never thought a single life a crime!

PEGGY.

Nor I: but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

JENNY.

If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free ;
The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me !

PEGGY.

Be doing your ways ! for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

Heh ! lass, how can ye looe that rattle-skull ?
A very deil that ay maun have his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fechting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife !

PEGGY.

I'll rin the risk ; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will ; why no ? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

JENNY.

He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak muckle o' ye, with an unco fraise,
And daut you baith afore fowk and your lane ;
But soon as your newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake ;
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte ;
And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.

TUNE.—"*O dear Mother, what shall I do?*"

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life destroys
Hearts-ome, free, and youthfu' joys.

PEGGY.

Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath;
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate;
His better sense will lang his love secure;
Ill-nature heffs in sauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V.

TUNE—"*How can I be sad on my wedding-day?*"

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour, weak, silly fellows, that study, like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools!
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

JENNY

Hey, "bonny lass of Branksome!" or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang!
O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride,
Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous din!
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itself wi' brue,—
Ane breaks his shin,—anither tines his shoe:
The "Deel gaes o'er John Wabster:" hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at,—their greatest wish,—
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight!

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a'!
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die; the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes;
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees;
With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent,—
'Tis no to gie, your merchant's to the bent;
His honour maunna want,—he poinds your gear;
Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?—
Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life;
Troth, 'tis nae mows to be a married wife!

PEGGY.

May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me!
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required,—let Heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stor'd room unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.

A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behin's our ain. Thus without fear,
With love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

PEGGY.

Nae mair of that!—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind;
They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to take aff;
Clean hag-abag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.
Good-humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane as fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms, that grow up side by side,—
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
That in return defends it frae the west.
Sic as stand single,—a state sae lik'd by you,—
Beneath ilk storm frae every airt maun bow.

JENNY.

I've done! I yield, dear lassie; I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.

TUNE—"*Nancy's to the green-wood gane.*"

I yield, dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.

A. A. Ritchie

J. Burnett

Gentle Shepherd

Act II. Scene I

For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us;
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heartstrings leads us.

PEGGY.

Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air.
Haste, let him out! we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif ye be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

JENNY.

Anither time's as good; for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith: if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack house; before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen;
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
A peet stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's: There you may see him lean,
And to his divot seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD *and* SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good morrow, nibour Symon!—Come, sit down,
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sauld your Crummock, and her bassand quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pound of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With a' my heart!—And tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

GLAUD.

Fy, blaw!—Ah! Symie, rattling chiels ne'er stand
To cleck, and spread the grossest lies aff-hand;
Whilk soon flies round, like wild-fire, far and near.
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud; and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head;
Because, ye ken fou well, he bravely chose
To shine or set in glory with Montrose; (1)
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick, and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right slee begunk,
Restor'd king Charles, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

(1) [* "To stand his liege's friend with great Montrose."—*Edition of* 1808.]

GLAUD.

That makes me blyth indeed! But dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again, and swear till't a'.
And saw ye Hab? and what did Halbert say? (1)
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame!
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

SYMON.

They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.

TUNE—"*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*"

Cauld be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,

(1) [* " If one might indulge a wish, as to any alteration in so beautiful and well-contrived a fable as this exquisite transcript from nature exhibits, it would be, that, instead of keeping 'Hab' behind the scenes as Symon's prompter, he had been introduced among the actors, to give the welcome intelligence in person; and also an account of the adventures of his master and himself whilst abroad,—from the time of their flight from the island with Montrose, till their happy return. He might have assisted 'the Knight in masquerade;' and raised his dignity, by attending him afterwards among his old friends. His new habits would have had a striking effect, contrasted with theirs. His importance, starched precision, and military language; his jumble of mutilated foreign words and accents, from affectation and so long an absence, might have been highly characteristic and humorous; and the introduction of this steady veteran and traveller, with his master, among the wondering shepherds, might have added to the perspicuity, heightened the interest, and increased the entertainment arising from the piece, if drawn like them from nature, and supported with art."—*Edition of* 1808.]

That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.

GLAUD.

And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

SYMON.

Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
"Put on your bonnet, Symon; tak a seat:—
How's all at hame?—how's Elspa?—how does Kate?—
How sells black cattle?—what gi'es woo this year?"
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.

TUNE—"*Mucking of Geordy's byre.*"

The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty;
Else, like the pack-horse that's unfother'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint:
Thus virtue by hardships is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

GLAUD.

Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day?

We'll send for Elspath too; and upo' sight
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

SYMON.

I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
For here yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut;
Yestreen I slew twa wethers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reesting in the nook;
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot, that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton-bouk to boil, and ane we 'll roast;
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
Small are they shorn, and she can mix fou nice
The gusty ingans with a curn of spice;
Fat are the puddings; heads and feet well sung;
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome hame:
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring wi' ye all your family; and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

GLAUD.

Spoke like ye'rsell, auld birky! Never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear.
Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld!—

Auld! said I,—troth, I'm younger be a score,
With your good news, than what I was before;
I'll dance or e'en!—Hey, Madge! come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here.—
What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

GLAUD.

Spin! Snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,
And set the meiklest peatstack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die;
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

MADGE.

Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't tald you o't?

GLAUD.

What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittens for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

SYMON.

Do, honest Madge: and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field. A cottage in a glen;
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms and half-raised look, ye see

BAULDY *his lane.*

What's this?—I canna bear't!—'tis waur than hell,
To be sae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day;
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows;
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows;
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate looes her,—waes me!—and she looes Pate;
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow. O, but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis sair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Mausy lives, a witch that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips, and gi'e me advice.
She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune;
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow;
Rins withershins about the hemlock low;

And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taids and snakes:
Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates,—and gars expire
With slow and racking pains afore a fire,
Stuck fu' of pins; the devilish pictures melt;
The pain by fowk they represent is felt. (1)
And yonder's Mause: Ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil!
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard:
To speak my errand, faith, amaist I'm fear'd!
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive:
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive.

Exit.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water poplin springs;
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.

(1) [* "It is curious to find among the superstitions of the most ignorant of the peasantry in the eighteenth century, and in Scotland, a contrivance of witchcraft—though far from being obvious and likely to occur—the same with one ascribed to sorcerers more than two thousand years ago, and in Sicily, as it is preserved, in his second Idyllium, by Theocritus. If not picked up, and imported by gipsy fortune-tellers, in passing through Sicily, from Egypt; it must have been adopted from Theocritus, and handed down to the ignorant, through the medium of impostors.

THEOCRITUS. *Idyllium* 2.

'First Delphid injur'd me, he rais'd my flame;
And now I burn this bough in Delphid's name.
As this doth blaze, and break away in fume,
How soon it takes, let Delphid's flesh consume!
Jynx restore my false my perjur'd swain,
And force him back into my arms again!
As this devoted wax melts o'er the fire,
Let Mindian Delphis melt in warm desire,'" &c.

CREECH.]

MAUSE.

SANG IX.

TUNE—"*Carle, an the king come.*"

Peggy, now the king's come!
Peggy, now the king's come!
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come!
Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fair at threescore-ten.

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead? to thresh nae corn?

BAULDY.

Enough of baith: but something that requires
Your helping hand employs now all my cares.

MAUSE.

My helping hand! alake, what can I do,
That underneith baith eild and poortith bow?

BAULDY.

Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we;
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

BAULDY.

The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I should tell.

MAUSE.

What folk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny, elf-shot, never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro the shaw,
And tint himsell amaist amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;—

You, lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out;
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about,—
And say they may that mint to do ye skaith ![1]
For me to wrang ye I'll be very laith;

(1) [* "The powers attributed to witches, by the hinds and shepherds of Scotland, are admirably described and preserved by Ramsay. The clownish character, under the name of Bauldy, he has exhibited, not as a contrast to Glaud and Symon, as is inconsiderately stated in the 'Remarks' prefixed to the edition of his works of 1800, but, evidently, as a foil to set off his hero, and to expose the superstitious credulity and passions from whence these fancies originate, is drawn, with great fidelity, from real life. The imputing witchcraft to Mause—which seems to have been suggested by the history of the place he had in his eye for the site of her cottage—is obviously intended to ridicule the belief in sorcery; and, by means of Bauldy's interested simplicity, to introduce her to Sir William Worthy, for the discovery of Peggy's birth, and the unravelling of the fable. The whole of this humorous underplot is ingeniously introduced, and dexterously interwoven with the main design of the comedy. Through Bauldy, Mause is brought forward at first, and, afterwards, becomes known to Sir William. In body and mind, Bauldy contrasts Patie's beauty, personal accomplishments, manly openness, generosity and constancy; and in Mause's cottage the moral of the comedy is varied and heightened by the risible punishment there inflicted upon him for his perfidy, by two old women, in the characters of a witch and a ghost,—

> Who 'gat' him 'down, while' he, 'like a great fool,
> Was laboured, as he used to be at school.'

The first act of 'Patie and Roger' was published a year before the last execution in Scotland for witchcraft, in 1722. The pastoral was finished in 1725, three years after it, and ten years previous to the repeal of the penal statutes on that subject.

Butler's poem followed the Restoration, which Ramsay's commemorates: they both originate in that event, and Hogarth's unequalled illustrations of the former, are aptly dedicated to the author of the latter. Butler excels in learning, and in wit; of both of which he is so profuse as to fatigue his reader in his exertions to keep up with him, without the respite, sometimes in a whole canto, of a single line of relaxation to breathe at. Ramsay's attention was directed to Nature: from her he draws his knowledge of life, and his humour. Yet, in the ludicrous account of the applications and references to sorcery in England at the Restoration, by the contemporary author, we find, where nature was equally the pattern in both, a striking resemblance to that given by the other, in allusion to the same period in Scotland. England, during the Commonwealth, when Butler lived, seems, in this respect, to have been on a level with France in the age of Louis XIV., and with Scotland at the Union in the days of Ramsay. When the archetypes are nearly alike, the copies, if good ones, must be of the same family. The following

But when I neist make groats, I'll strive to please
You with a firlot of them mixt with pease.

MAUSE.

I thank ye, lad!—Now tell me your demand;
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

Then, I like Peggy; Neps is fond of me;
Peggy likes Pate; and Patie's bauld and slee,
And looes sweet Meg; but Neps I downa see.
Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me, I'd be the happiest man.

weighty cases detailed by Ralph, are, in the main, extremely similar to those which Bauldy enumerates to Mause, in Act 2., Scene 3.

'Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell,
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in destinies dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way:
When geese and pullen are seduced,
And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need the opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale,
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome;
To him, with questions, and with urine,
They for discovery flock, or curing.'

Hud. P. 2. *C.* 3.

This description of Ralph's is, however, more than equalled by the entertaining catalogue which Bauldy repeats to trusty honest Mause, of all the misfortunes which were laid to her charge, and for which she was held accountable; and both of them surpass the enchantresses of Theocritus, Virgil, or Ovid, and the Canidia of Horace."—*Edition of* 1808.]

MAUSE.

I'll try my airt to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and groats, tak ye nae care.

BAULDY.

Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,—
O! will ye come, like badrans, for a jest?
And there you can our different haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSE.

'Tis like I may: But let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

BAULDY.

If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France!

Exit BAULDY.

MAUSE *her lane.*

This fool imagines,—as do many sic,—
That I'm a witch in compact with Auld Nick,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought:
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.

Now since the royal Charles, and right's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.
The bonny foundling that's brought up by Glaud,
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,—
Her infant-life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to the usurper, and her death design'd,
To establish him and his in all these plains
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.
None know't but me!—And if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.(1)

Exit.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE *and* PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O Patie! let me gang; I mauna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

(1) [* In the edition of 1808, Mause's soliloquy is given thus:

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
With a sma' cast of wiles, should, in a twitch,
Gie ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkl'd witch!*
This fool imagines,—as do many sic,—
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought:
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane kens but me!—And if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.]

PATIE.

I'm laith to part sae soon! Now we're alane;
And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads;
How saft the westlin winds sough through the reeds!

PEGGY.

The scented meadows, birds, and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

PATIE.

Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind!
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I cou'd fancy aught 's sae sweet or fair
As my sweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier;
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear;
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
That warble through the merle or mavis' throats
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield;
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

PEGGY

But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech;
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.

I darna stay; ye joker, let me gang;
Or swear ye'll never 'tempt to do me wrang.(1)

PATIE.

Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling in her lap;
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease;
The gaits to climb, the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere aught by me be either said or doon,
Shall do thee wrang!—I swear by all aboon!

PEGGY.

Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a-year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither lass your heart should steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear,
Though we're but young, I've looed ye mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou could'st hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd thee frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy know, or rashy strand;
Thou smiling by my side:—I took delight
To pou the rashes green, with roots sae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

(1) [* The edition of 1808 reads:

"I darena stay; ye joker, let me gang;
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang."]

PEGGY.

When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglin was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

PATIE.

When corns grew yellow, and the heatherbells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae-berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain;
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me,
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

Jenny sings saft the "Broom of Cowdenknows;"
And Rosie lilts the "Milking of the ewes;"
There's nane like Nancy "Jenny Nettles" sings;
At turns in "Maggy Lawder" Marion dings;
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
"The Boatman," or "The Lass of Patie's mill,"—
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee!

PEGGY.

How eith can lasses trow what we desire!
And, rees'd by them we love, blaws up the fire;

But wha loves best let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy;
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

TUNE—"*Winter was cauld, and my claithing was thin.*"

PEGGY.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie no pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hetherbells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden broom knows;"
And Rosie lilts swiftly the "Milking the ewes;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;
At "Throw the wood, laddie," Bess gars our lugs ring;

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
"The Boatman," "Tweed-side," or "The Lass of the Mill,'
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For though they sing nicely, they canna like thee!

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

PATIE.

Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve;
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better sense without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PEGGY.

Agreed!—But hearken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

PATIE.

And let them ferly!—Now a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad not be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first; syne claim your hyre.

PATIE.

Well, I agree!

SANG XI.

To its awn tune.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and say may ye;
Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.

PEGGY.

(Falling into Patie's arms.)

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

(With his left hand about her waist.)

O charming armfu'!—Hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day:
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;

O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day;
And if you're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Curtain falls, while they kiss.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whase beard seems bleach'd with time;
Ane elwand fills his hand, his habit mean
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been;—
But whisht, it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM *solus.*

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,—
Without a roof; the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
The naked walls of tapestry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blast decaying falls;
My gardens once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble-walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks;

But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No hyacinths or eglantines appear. (1)
Here fail'd and broke 's the rising ample shade,
Where peach and nect'rine trees their branches spread,
Basking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful to the use.
All round in gaps the walls in ruin lye,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd:—And now my joy
Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy,—
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns, and courts, how cheerfully,
A calm, contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

SANG XII.

TUNE—"*Happy Clown.*"

Hid from himself, now by the dawn,
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,

(1) [* The edition of 1808 reads here:

"No jaccacinths or eglantines appear.
How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield,
And basked in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the withered branches fly."

A A Ritchie

R. F. Bell

Gentle Shepherd

Act III Scene 3

[illegible] & Co. London & Edinburgh

And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay
He chaunts and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unsully'd with a crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day.
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And visy 't round and round;
There 's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet, all is clean; a clear peat ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green horn-spoons, beech-luggies mingle,
On skelfs forgainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, *and* ELSPA.

GLAUD.

We anes were young oursells!—I like to see
The bairns bob round with other merrylie.

Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade!
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the clev'rest of them a'.

ELSPA.

Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith.
God make him good, and hide him aye frae skaith!
He is a bairn,—I'll say't—well-worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD.

I trow, good wife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better, be't she were nae kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha, Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match!
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were—for reasons I'll no tell—
I'd rather be mixt with the mools mysell.

GLAUD.

What reasons can ye have?—There's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor.
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind:
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,—
Five kye that at ae milking fills a kirn,—
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride
By and attour, if my good luck abide,

Ten lambs at spaining time as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

SYMON.

Or this day eight days, likely, he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

GLAUD.

We'll nae mair o't?—Come, gies the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

SYMON.

But will ye tell me, Glaud?—By some, 'tis said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

GLAUD.

That clattern Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws!

Enter JENNY.

O father, there is an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen!
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

SYMON.

Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

[*Exit* JENNY.

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my grey mare!

GLAUD.

Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Re-enter JENNY, *bringing in* SIR WILLIAM; PATIE *following.*

SYMON.

Ye're welcome, honest carle!—Here tak a seat.

SIR WILLIAM.

I give you thanks, good man, I'se no be blate.

GLAUD.

(*Drinks*).

Come, t'ye, friend!—How far came ye the day?

SIR WILLIAM.

I pledge ye, nibour!—E'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang;
Twa miles or three's the maist that I do gang.

SYMON.

Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gie.

SIR WILLIAM.

That's kind unsought!—Well, gin ye have a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON

(*Pointing to* PATIE).

Only that lad.—Alack! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now or wae.

SIR WILLIAM.

Young man, let's see your hand.—What gars ye sneer?

PATIE.

Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Ye cut before the point!—But, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

ELSPA.

Betooch-us-too! And well I wat that's true:
Awa! awa! the deil's owre grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

SIR. WILLIAM.

I'll tell ye mair: if this young lad be spared
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

ELSPA.

A laird!—Hear ye, goodman, what think ye now?

SYMON.

I dinna ken!—Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth!—
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[PATIE'S *health gaes round.*]

PATIE.

A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,—
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,—
Is all my great estate, and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me!

SYMON.

Whisht, Patie, let the man look ow'r your hand;
Aftymes as broken a ship has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM *looks a little at* PATIE'S *hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

ELSPA.

Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or possest
With some nae good, or second-sight at least!
Where is he now?——

GLAUD.

He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

ELSPA.

These second-sighted fowks—his peace be here!—
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear,
As I can see my thumb!—Wow! can he tell—
Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell—
How soon we'll see Sir William?—Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

SYMON.

He'll soon grow better.—Elspa, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tass of usquebæ.

(SIR WILLIAM *starts up and speaks.*)

A knight that for a lion fought
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares:
But now again the lion rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain;
The lion has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.

That knight in a few days shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to the king,
A subject true and bauld;
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd:—
All you that hear me now
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

SYMON.

Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel!
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deil,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

SIR WILLIAM.

Howe'er I get them never fash your beard;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

SYMON.

You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!—
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
The wimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

GLAUD.

'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

SIR WILLIAM.

Whisht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

GLAUD.

Well, be't sae, friend!—I shall say nathing mair.
But I've twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,

Plump, ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

SIR WILLIAM.

Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent;
I have but anes a day that gift,
Sae rest a while content.

SYMON.

Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

SIR WILLIAM.

Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

SYMON.

Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

GLAUD.

I'll out a while, and see the young anes play;
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be grey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thow his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush well hid frae sight they meet:—
See Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.
Poor shepherd!

ROGER *and* JENNY.

ROGER.

Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;—
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

JENNY.

And what would Roger say, if he could speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

ROGER.

Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn.
Ah! could I looe ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, could ye but fancy me!

JENNY.

And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

ROGER.

Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,

J.W. Mc Lea

W. Fairbairn

Gentle Shepherd

Act IV. Scene III.

For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

JENNY.

I looe my father, cousin Meg I love;
But to this day nae man my heart cou'd move.
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me,
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

ROGER.

How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

JENNY.

Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent;
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

ROGER.

That only happens when for sake of gear
Ane wales a wife, as he would buy a mare;
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind;
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou should scorn, still to delight in thee.

JENNY.

What sugar'd words frae wooers' lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear;
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile,
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

ROGER.

I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night;
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase and join the ocean without stain;
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile,
Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

JENNY.

Were I but sure ye lang would love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart could gain;
For I maun own,—since now at last you're free,—
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms!—or strike me!—I'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love!—Let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss! kiss!—we'll kiss the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day.

O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briz thy bonny breast and lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*

SANG XIII.

TUNE—"*Leith Wynd.*"

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy maid beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own now, since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now! Ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!—
Is Jenny then sae kind?—
O let me briz thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine.
Delytfu' thought! we'll never part;
Come, press thy mouth to mine.

JENNY.

With equal joy my safter heart does yield,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.(1)
Now by these warmest kisses thou hast ta'en,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

(1) [* "With equal joy my easy heart gives way,
To own thy well-tried love has won the day."
Edition of 1808.]

ROGER.

I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,—
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,—
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life!

JENNY.

Well, I agree!—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent, he'll hardly say ye nae.
Ye have what will commend ye to him weel,
Auld fowks like them that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.

TUNE—"*O'er Bogie.*"

JENNY.

Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my father gae;
Make him content to give consent;
He'll hardly say ye nae.
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel;
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree;
And if you faithful prove in love,
You'll find nae faut in me.

ROGER.

My faulds contain twice fifteen farrow nowt;
As mony newcal in my byers rowt;

Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn from my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell;
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care my thrifty mither made;
Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gies joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee.
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair;
My love and all is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

JENNY.

I'll do my best: But see wha comes this way,—
Patie and Meg!—Besides, I mauna stay.
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

ROGER.

To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin pool,
I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool.
Keep tryst, and meet me there; there let us meet,
To kiss and tell our loves; there's nought so sweet!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the baron shown his face;
But joking with his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

Sir William *and* Symon.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this house so much decayed?

SYMON.

To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail,
Against the laws of nature, did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us all with joy, now he's come hame.

(Sir William draps his masking beard;
Symon, transported, sees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe,
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith,
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants' sight,—
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

SIR WILLIAM.

Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy!
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock; neist my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty; since, without estate,
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks bauch and blate.

SIR WILLIAM.

And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends ; which gies their sauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

SYMON.

Now weel I wat, Sir, you have spoken true !
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few ;
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimpt of manners as of sense and grace ;
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin ;
Rins in ilk trader's debt wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to give him trust.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such useless branches of a commonwealth
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health :
Unworthy bare reflection !—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son ;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse ;
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

SYMON.

To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
Wad be owre short, could I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae well behave,
That out of sight he rins before the lave ;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best ;

And his decreet stands good—he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand;
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your tale much pleases:—My good friend, proceed:—
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the school enough of lear;
And he delights in books. He reads and speaks,
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

SIR WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read, and of what kind?—
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

SYMON.

Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, sangs, or sport.
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fou weel, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought that he made o'er great frase
About fine poems, histories, and plays:
When I reprov'd him anes, a book he brings,—
"With this," quoth he, "on braes I crack with kings!"

SIR WILLIAM.

He answered well. And much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

SYMON.

What ken we better that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's oursell.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well jested, Symon!—But one question more
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
Has nae young lassie with inviting mien
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

SYMON.

I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the smallest part;
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
With Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears, but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourself your son will soon appear;
A gentleman, enrich'd with all these charms,
May bless the fairest best-born ladies arms.

SIR WILLIAM.

This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.

Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me!

[*Exit* SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM *solus.*

Whene'er the event of hope's success appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine,—
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV.

TUNE—"*Wat ye wha I met yestreen?*"

Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,

My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn.
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breaking only shews its light,
Till polishing has made it shine,—
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onstead.—Enter Mause and Madge.

MADGE.

Our laird's come hame!—And owns young Pate his heir.

MAUSE.

That's news indeed!——

MADGE.

——As true as ye stand there!
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nieves in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, "Haud ye merry a'!"
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book;
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he could spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

MAUSE.

Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof!

MADGE.

As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer-days slides backward in a pool!
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell.
At last, when well-diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard to Symon;—Symon knew
His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for:—Happy lad is he!—
Symon tald Elspa; Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon.
And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,—
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell!
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

MAUSE.

It may be sae, wha kens? And may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted is great pain:
E'en kings have tane a queen out of the plain:
And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

Sic nonsense! Love tak root, but tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!

Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be,
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

MAUSE.

Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain;
Yonder he comes! And vow! but he looks fain;
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

MADGE.

He get her! slaverin doof! it sets him well
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till!
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

MAUSE.

Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
And so wad I!—But whisht! here Bauldy comes.

(*Enter* BAULDY *singing.*)

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good,—
For my tocher-good I winna marry thee!
E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be!

MADGE.

Weel liltet, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

BAULDY.

I'll gie ye't a'—'tis better than 'tis lang!

(*Sings again.*)

I hae gowd and gear; I hae land eneugh;
I have seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh,—
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byer,—
A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire;
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be:
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae! Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

BAULDY.

Faith, unco right;
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night!

MADGE.

And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult task:
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be;
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me;
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn!

Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
What other lass will trow a mansworn herd?
The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grey a gate;
Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wat.

BAULDY.

Sae grey a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest!—
Ye lied, auld roudes; and in faith had best
Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand,
With a het face, afore the haly band!

MADGE.

Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbit brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' y'er cheeks out o'er your chin.

BAULDY.

I take ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say
That I'm mansworn:—I winna let it gae!

MADGE.

Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good-breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!

[*Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.*—MAUSE *endeavours to redd them.*]

MAUSE.

Let gang your grips!—Fye, Madge!—Howt, Bauldy, leen!—

I widna wish this tulzie had been seen,
'Tis sae daft like—

[BAULDY *gets out of* MADGE'S *clutches with a bleeding nose.*]

MADGE.

'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal!
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns' bairns have seen.

MAUSE.

That's true: And, Bauldy, ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

BAULDY.

My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

MADGE.

"Auld roudes!"—filthy fellow, I shall auld ye!

MAUSE.

Howt, no!—Ye'll e'en be friends with honest Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae;
Ye man forgi'e'm. I see the lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

In troth now, Mause, I have at Madge nae spite;
But she abusing first, was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon, gallows-face!—Gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as swear!
Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deil, he's o'er lang out of hell!

BAULDY.

His presence be about us!—Curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee!

[*Runs off.*

(MADGE *laughing.*)

I think I've towzled his harigalds a wee!
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me!
He's but a rascal that would mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve!

MAUSE.

Ye towin'd him tightly; I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith, to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

MADGE.

A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

MAUSE.

Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk resentment to decline;
Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, that we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here
To seek your help that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And special sport we'll hae, as I protest!
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head;
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin cloud shines with a setting light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

PATIE *and* ROGER.

ROGER.

Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light!
O, Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right!

Sure gentle fowk are farther seen than we,
That naething hae to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, who brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding, sweet, and nae mair scorn.
I spak my mind,—she heard; I spak again,—
She smil'd; I kiss'd,—I woo'd,— nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

I'm glad to hear't; But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy!—And yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me boon the lave;
With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast:
"Such were the eyes," he said, "thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth,
Wha set too soon!"—And while he praise bestow'd
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That, speechless, lang my late-ken'd sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd:
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard! Too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear;
Which he forbids:—ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat my heart must sooner cease.

ROGER.

How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand;
But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

PATIE.

Duty, and haflen reason, plead his cause;
But love rebels against all bounding laws;
Fixt in my soul the shepherdess excels,(1)
And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI.

TUNE—"*Kirk wad let me be.*"

Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side;
Which love so superior calls treason;—
The strongest must be obey'd.

For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels;
For change in my heart has no entry;
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

Enjoy them baith:—Sir William will be won.
Your Peggy's bonny:—you're his only son.

PATIE.

She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
And frae these bands nae fate my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER.

Is not our master and yoursell to stay
Amang us here? Or are ye gawn away

(1) [* But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws?
Still in my heart my shepherdess excels.

Edition of 1808.]

To London court, or ither far-aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance,
And twa three other monkey-tricks; that done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

ROGER.

"They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
The owrecome only fashes fowk to keep:"—
Good master Patrick, take your ain tale hame.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought, at night's the same;
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift; without it kings are poor.

ROGER.

But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeisant servants, honour, wealth, and ease;
Wha's no content with these are ill to please!

PATIE.

Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss.
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliss:
The passions rule the roast; and if they're sour,
Like the lean kye, they'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Sting like the sharpest goads in gentry's side;
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk owrelaid with ease;
While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

ROGER.

Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and it delights
My heart whene'er I hearken to your flights!
How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear?

PATIE.

Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill;
These best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to wear some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

ROGER.

I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy;
Faith I'se hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my kye!
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love?

PATIE.

Then here it lies—His will maun be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride;

But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy,—yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy.

[*Exit.*

PATIE *solus.*

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hauds my heart!
I ken she loves; and her saft soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment. Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care!—
Her eyes are red!—

Enter PEGGY.

—My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears;
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine!

PEGGY.

I dare not think so high! I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten pain see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost;
Like to be carried by some reiver's hand
Far frae his wishes to some distant land?

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.

My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate; come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous: leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on, speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief!
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice airs swims round in silk attire:
Then I, poor me! with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest;
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay,
As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane;
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow,—'twill help to give me ease—
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife!

SANG XVII.

TUNE—"*Wae's my heart that we should sunder.*"

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under

These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler face and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:—
Ah! I can die, but never sunder!
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the knowe with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves; and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee;
And time,—tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,—
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,—
If there's a fairer,—e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as have the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear?—Believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night, till my day-star appear; (1)
And all the while I'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms;
I'll gain on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me through ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.

SANG XVIII.

TUNE—"*Tweedside.*"

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height is becoming thy wife.

(1) [* "Hope time away, till thou with joy appear.'
Edition of 1808.]

For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May;
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

PATIE.

——— That's wisely said;
And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unken'd;
Affect aft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still.—But I'll be ought with thee.

PATIE.

No! no! my Peggy; I but only jest
With gentry's apes; for still, amangst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

PEGGY.

Since with nae hazard, and sae small expense,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,

Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

PATIE.

There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

PEGGY.

With every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heaven and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
And to the hizel shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XIX.

TUNE—"*Bush aboon Traquair.*"

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;

Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

PATIE.

My dear, allow me, from thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY.

Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an estate, they all belong to thee.
My sheers are ready, take what you demand,
And aught what love with virtue may command. (1)

PATIE.

Nae mair we'll ask: But since we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime;
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[*They embrace, while the curtain is let down.*

(1) [* The edition of 1808, instead of these lines, reads:

"Were't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee."]

ACT V.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON *and* BAULDY.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
When nature nods beneath the drowsy power? (1)
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glowr, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

BAULDY.

O len me soon some water, milk, or ale!
My head's grown giddy!—legs with shaking fail!—
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane.
Alake! I'll never be mysell again;
I'll ne'er o'erput it!—Symon! O, Symon! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*

SYMON.

What ails thee, gowk, to make so loud ado?—
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his tread.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

(1) [* "While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power."
Edition of 1808.]

SIR WILLIAM.

How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

SYMON.

I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist.

BAULDY.

O! ay; dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true;
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR WILLIAM

(*Smiling*).

I lang to hear't.

BAULDY.

Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,—
The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!—
Rais'd up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.

My heart out of its hool was like to loup;
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope;
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite.
Syne I half dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gie the deil his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be burnt!

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour! soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantraips that bring up the deil.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

SIR WILLIAM.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt;
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind!

SYMON.

But does your honour think there's nae sic thing
As witches raising deils up through a ring?
Syne playing tricks,—a thousand I cou'd tell,—
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who were rejoiced to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs with candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow;
Then with his train through airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaffs ride;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense or yet was rich.
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think this hobleshew that's past
Will end in naething but a joke at last.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'm sure it will!—But see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night.
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX.

TUNE—"*Bonny grey-eyed morn.*"

The bonny grey-eyed morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising y;

The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthfu' labours of the day;
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee;
And he joins the concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Placed at due distance from parties and state;
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek;
The rising sun shines motty through the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD, JENNY, *and* PEGGY.

GLAUD.

I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not use so soon to see the light.
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To take your leave of Patrick or he gang;
But do you think that now, when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

JENNY.

Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends tho' poor;

But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD.

Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again!
But be advis'd, his company refrain.
Before, he as a shepherd sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

PEGGY.

A rake! what's that?—Sure, if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

GLAUD.

Daft lassie, you ken nought of the affair;
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name.
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they have had the clap;
They'll tempt young things like you with youdith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jest when you're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

PEGGY.

Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

GLAUD.

That's true! And mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;

But thinner sawn; they're sae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That shaws the gate to heav'n. I've heard mysell
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, father!—Heh, that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

GLAUD.

Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink.
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.

The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things.
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

Haste! haste ye! We're a' sent for owre the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house. The knight sits judge himsell.

GLAUD.

Lend me my staff. Madge, lock the outer door;
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before.

[*Exit* GLAUD.

MADGE.

Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross:
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plane,
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send, in hodden gray.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green;
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then,—the like has been,—if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

A bonny story, troth! But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mause,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:—
For now it's tell'd him that the tawse
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD, BAULDY, *and* MAUSE.

SIR WILLIAM.

And was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well-deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid?

BAULDY.

Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score;
I ken'd not that they thought me sic before.

BAULDY.

An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;
But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the deil.
Yet, with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a slee and a revengfu' ———,

And that my *some place* finds. But I had best
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,
And the young bonny witch whase rosie cheek
Sent me without my wit the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, *and* JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM.

(*Looking at* PEGGY).

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes!—What's this I find!
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?—

GLAUD.

——Sir, she's my niece.—
And yet she's not:—But I should hald my peace.

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction! What d' ye mean?—
She is, and she is not!—pray, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD.

Because I doubt if I should make appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year.

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

PATIE.

—So am I;
For much I hope; and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD.

Then since my master orders, I obey.
This bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round
In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.
What could they be—thought I—did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young?—For she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.
I took her in my arms,—the bairnie smil'd
With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story, and she pass'd sincesyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;—
Of whom I kenna;—naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

SIR WILLIAM.

This tale seems strange!—

PATIE.

—The tale delights my ear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE.

That be my task!—Now, Sir, bid all be hush;
Peggy may smile, thou hast no cause to blush.
Lang have I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name
The best and nearest friend that she can claim.
He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
His sister's beauties in her daughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman, do not rave! prove what you say;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave!
But how or why it should be truth, I grant,
I everything looks like a reason want.

OMNES.

The story's odd!—We wish we heard it out.

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

MAUSE.

(*Goes forward, leading* PEGGY *to* SIR WILLIAM.)

Sir, view me well!—Has fifteen years so plew'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,

That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

SIR WILLIAM.

Ha, honest nurse!—Where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her who was so unkind?

[SIR WILLIAM *embraces* PEGGY *and makes her sit by him.*]

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece!—Truth must prevail!—
But no more words till Mause relate her tale.

PATIE.

Good nurse, dispatch thy story wing'd with blisses,
That I may give my cusin fifty kisses.(1)

MAUSE.

Then it was I that sav'd her infant life;
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang:—But I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, with avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they're now possest.
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.

(1) [* "Good nurse, go on; nae music's haf so fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine."
Edition of 1808.]

All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon;
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needful plenty glads your cheerful swains.
For fear of being found out, and to secure
My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsel, and Symon may
Remember well, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD.

(*With tears of joy running down his beard.*)

I well remember't!—Lord reward your love!—
Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge some time shou'd about be brought.

PATIE.

'Tis now a crime to doubt! My joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms;
She's mine by vows, and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

SIR WILLIAM.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care!
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair!
Equal with Patrick:—Now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[PATIE *and* PEGGY *embrace, and kneel to* SIR WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

SIR WILLIAM.

(*Raises them.*)

I give you both my blessing.—May your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve!

PEGGY.

My wishes are complete! My joys arise,
While I'm haf dizzy with the blest surprise!
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE.

Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie;
The estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

GLAUD.

I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WILLIAM.

The base unnatural villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

PEGGY.

To me the views of wealth and an estate
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate;
For his sake only I'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

SYMON.

What double blythness wakens up this day!—
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away:
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you;
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawse, and pawky Mause's plot.

SIR WILLIAM.

Kindly old man!—Remain with you this day!—
I never from these fields again will stray.
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gardeners shall new planting rear;
My father's hearty board you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That's the best news I've heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear!

GLAUD.

God save the king! and save Sir William lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang!

ROGER.

Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

BAULDY.

I'm friends with Mause! With very Madge I'm gree'd;
Although they skelpit me when woodly fleid!
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, "Lang may Sir William live!"

MADGE.

Lang may he live!—and, Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngest of you rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady, my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY.

No other name I'll ever for you learn.
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

MAUSE.

The flowing pleasure of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you
And to your heirs I give in endless feu
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

OMNES.

The Lord of heaven return your Honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove!

PATIE.

(*Presenting* ROGER *to* SIR WILLIAM.)

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom-secrets, ere I was a laird.
Glaud's daughter Janet—Jenny, think nae shame!—
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame.
Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

My son's demand is fair!—Glaud, let me crave
That trusty Roger may your daughter have
With frank consent, and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, Sir!—What can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?—
Whate'er your Honour wills I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
And still our master's right your business make;
Please him, be faithful, and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

ROGER.

I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a frase;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And oft when hopes are highest we're beguil'd;
Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

PEGGY.

When you demand, I readiest should obey;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

SANG XXI.

TUNE—"*Corn-riggs are bonny.*"

My Paty is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy;
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's comely in his wauking;
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heaven to hear him tauking.

Last night I met him on a bawk
  Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spak,
  That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
  And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
  O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let lasses of a silly mind
  Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
  We chastely should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
  And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air and late,
  Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCENERY

OF

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

[The north-eastern or nearest extremity of the Scenery included within this map, is nine Scots, or twelve English miles, south-westward from Edinburgh; on the high-way to Dumfries and the west of England, Biggar, Leadhills, and Crawfordmoor. In a straight line, the distance is two miles less.

The road to it begins at the West Port, which is alluded to in the pastoral.

> Patie.—"Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
> At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
> O' plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virls round;
> A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound."
>
> *Act* 1. *Sc.* 1.

> Sym.—"Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
> He buys some books, o' hist'ry, sangs, or sport;
> Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
> An' carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill."
>
> *Act* 3. *Sc.* 4.

After passing through Portsburgh, by Lochrin distillery, to the Wryte's house toll-bar, beyond which, on the

right, is Gillespie's hospital, lately built, where the old castle of Wryte's house formerly stood, the road skirts the west side of Burntsfield Links to the left. On these downs the citizens play at golf, an amusement peculiar to Scotland; and the troops, militia, and volunteers are reviewed, inspected, and exercised. Ramsay with his joyous companions often left "Auld Reeky,"

> "An' took a turn o'er Bruntsfield links;

and

> "Whan 'they' were weary'd at the gowff,
> Then Maggy Johnstoun's was 'their' howff."

At their east end, the links are terminated by the house of Mr. Martin, an eminent auctioneer and bookseller. About a quarter of a mile onward, and a little to the right, is Merchiston tower, once the seat of Napier the celebrated inventor of the logarithms, close by the Borough moor, an extensive tract supposed to have been granted to the citizens by David I. In 1513, certain privileges were allowed to those burghers who should build their houses of the wood growing on it. In the Borough moor James IV. reviewed his army, in which were many Edinburgh citizens, with their chief magistrate at their head, before he marched to Flodden-field.

Half a mile beyond Merchiston, the turnpike arrives at Morningside, a hamlet, where "rare Maggy Johnstoun" kept her alehouse; and the late Judge Lord Gardenstone resided, who built the Rotunda over St. Bernard's well on the Water of Leith, on the other, north, side of Edinburgh. Maggy Johnstoun kept a little farm, and was famous for brewing an agreeable intoxicating cheap sort of ale, in consequence of which, people of every station were, for amusement, often seen in her barn and yard, as well

as her usual customers. Ramsay relates of himself that here

> "Ae summer night I was sae fou,
> Amang the rigs I gaed to spew,
> Syne down on a green bawk, I trow,
> I took a nap,
> An' soucht a night balillilow
> As sound's a tap.
>
> An' whan the dawn begoud to glow,
> I hirsl'd up my dizzy pow,
> Frae 'mang the corn, like wirriecow,
> Wi' bains sae sair,
> An' ken'd nae mair than if a ewe
> How I came there."
>
> *Maggy Johnstoun's Elegy.*

Thus on the "ale amaist like wine, that gar'd" them "crack," did Allan, the "canty callan," and his merry associates, in Maggy's howff, barn, or yard, get "fou, wi' little cost, an' muckle speed." Maggy died in 1711, and Ramsay's ludicrous lamentations, under the title of her Elegy,—if the poem on the preservation of master Bruce in 1710 did not precede them,—were the first efforts of his muse that have obtained a place in his works.

Two miles from Edinburgh, the road crosses Braid burn by a bridge. At a short distance westward, on the right, is Craiglockhart house on its little picturesque wooded hill; and on the left, down the burn, somewhat nearer, though hid from the road by the steep winding banks, is the Hermitage of Braid, long the property of the Browns of Braid, a family who were likewise proprietors of Fairliehope, one of the Pentland hills near New Hall. The Hermitage now belongs to Mr Gordon of Cluny, and, on the edge of the burn, is buried amidst the woody steeps and romantic rocky eminences, called Braid hills, which press upon it from every side. Its situation is

sweetly characteristic. There is next a continued ascent to the Buck-stane, which still remains on the summit, to show where the kings of Scotland assembled their followers, by the sound of a horn, to attend them to the chase. The view from this westward, up the valleys of the Forth, the Almond, and the Water of Leith, to the distant mountains, including Ben-nevis and Ben-lomond far beyond Stirling, and flanked by the Ochil and Pentland hills, is extremely fine. It likewise commands, to the south, a good prospect over the valley of the North Esk, and the village of Pentland, with the Pentland hills on the right, and those of Morefoot, and Tweeddale, in the distance.

The third mile-stone is in the centre of a wide circular rampart, which the road bisects in the lands of Comiston, consisting of earth and small stones, which in the Statistical Account of the parish of Collington, is thus described by the late reverend and respectable Dr. Walker. "On the lands of Comiston there are still the vestiges of a very large and ancient encampment. Adjacent to this camp, and near the house of Fairmilehead, an extensive and important battle had been fought, and two very large conical cairns erected, on demolishing which, for the purpose of making the turnpike road, remains of human bones were found in them, and several fragments of old arms. Not far from these cairns there had likewise been erected an upright pillar stone, which still remains. It is a rude massy block of whinstone, of a flat shape, 7 feet high above the surface of the ground, and about 4 feet below it. It is called the *Kel stane*, an old British word signifying the 'battle stone.' It has also passed immemorially by the name of *Camus stone*, which would seem to intimate its connexion with some Danish commander." To the north-west of the encampment, near the Buck-stane, there is another similar upright stone; and on

the other side of the house of Fairmilehead, beyond the rampart, the highway in descending a steep declivity facing the south, opposite to the house of Morton on the left eastward, has laid open, and filled with earth, several stone-coffins,—some with the sides straight, and others contracted from the shoulders upwards and downwards; the edges of the flags they were formed of still showing their figures and dimensions, in different parts of the road where they are exposed. Beyond Morton stands Morton-hall house, the seat of Henry Trotter, Esq.

Between the fourth and fifth mile-stone, the road arrives at the bottom of the Pentland hills; along the south-eastern verge of which it continues, all the way, till it comes to their extremity, at the bridge over the Lyne in Tweeddale, on the south-west side of the Carlops hill the most distant of the range. On a gentle swell, about half-a-mile off on the left, opposite to the house of Hillend near the fifth stone, is beautifully situated the village of Pentland, and from the right ascend the hills. This hamlet, once more respectable, commands all the lower extremity of that delightful dale called the valley of Mid-Lothian, and of the North Esk, which terminates to the south-west at the Carlops hill, and to the north-east in the bay of Musselburgh in the frith of Forth. Ramsay's attachment to this district led him to embrace every opportunity of introducing into his poems the "Pentland height," the "Pictland hills," "Pentland's tow'ring top," the "Pictland plains," &c.; and to inform his readers that England's northern counties were

> ——— "nigh as far
> Distant from court, as we of Pictland are."
>
> *Address to Provost Drummond.*

Beyond Hillend, about the fifth stone, the height of

the highway above the valley is considerable. Dalkeith, Hawthornden, Roslin, and many other objects, enliven its rich and fertile bottom, between and the hills of Morefoot, to the south-east, across it; and on the left, eastward, as it expands, its luxuriance increases, and displays the most beautiful, gently varied surface, embellished with corn-fields, villages, seats, farmsteads, cottages, and plantations. At a distance, in the middle, Craigmillar castle rises boldly above the rest, between and the Frith. The estuary itself appears in the offskip, with the coast of Fife beyond it; on the left, it retires behind Arthur's seat; and on the right, Draprene law, North Berwick law farther off, and the Bass island, still more remote, balance the scene.

Near the sixth mile-stone, in a recess of the mountains on the right, with a rill passing it, is Fulford or New Woodhouselee, the rural seat of the Hon. A. F. Tytler, one of the senators of the College of Justice, in Scotland. Here an additional tower has been built to the former accommodation by the present proprietor lately, with a pavilion roof and venetian windows; and, a little higher, westward, on the hill, a Hut, formed of a few posts covered with thatch of heath or straw, has been erected, to mark out a beautiful prospect. What connection these two newly reared ornamental objects have with Ramsay's pastoral, it is not easy to see. A view of them, in a small plate, has, however, been thrust into the last edition of his works of 1800. A note has likewise there been tacked to his Life, in which this hut is called a temple to the memory of Ramsay, with an inscription, on what authority is not mentioned, alleging that the poet drew his scenes from the objects round this "shrine;" and the edition opens with an advertisement, announcing that the proprietor of Woodhouselee is "happily" possessed of "the supposed," as it is properly termed, "scene

of the Gentle Shepherd; although it does not appear that Ramsay had any connection with the place, acquaintance with its proprietors, ever was at, or knew anything concerning it. About half-a-mile beyond Fulford, on the left, is the Bush, where a handsome house has been lately built by the proprietor, Mr. Robert Trotter of Castlelaw. On the right, is the estate and hill of Castlelaw, between the lands of New Woodhouselee and Glencross water, which the road passes, by a bridge, above the house of Glencross.

More than two miles up this water—as it is always called, not *burn*, as in 'The Beauties of Scotland,'—on the side of it, above the hill of Castlelaw, and that of Turnhouse, in the midst of its own extensive estate, and under Logan-house hill to the north-west, stands the old mansion of Logan-house, said to have been once a royal hunting-seat. Near a mile and a half still higher, and not far from the head of the stream, where it contains very little water, is a lofty precipice over which it falls, amidst bare, uninhabited moors, mountains, and rocks, on the north side of the Pentland range. The new-built tower, and temple of Woodhouselee, are on the south side of the ridge, near four miles distant from this waterfall; and the estate and hill of Castlelaw, with the estate, mansion, and hill of Logan-house, are all directly between them and it.

It is equally entertaining and instructive to observe the contradictions and confusion produced by error, and how it discovers and corrects itself. In the introductory Advertisement, the "supposed scene," is doubtingly, said to be possessed by the proprietor of the new tower: At the end of the Life prefixed to this edition of 1800, the scenes of Ramsay's comedy are, *un*doubtingly, laid round the rustic temple: At the close of the Remarks which follow the Life, the waterfall, in a different and distant

property, above Logan house, is alluded to as "the waterfall of Habbie's How:" And the remarks are finally followed by a small engraving, again bringing back the scenes to the new-built tower and temple. The inscription, said to be in the hut, dedicated most unsuitably in a kind of whining blank verse,

"ALLANO RAMSAY ET GENIO LOCI,"

maintains that

"Here, midst those scenes that taught thy Doric muse
Her sweetest song; the hills, the woods, and stream,
Where beauteous Peggy strayed, list'ning the while
Her Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love;
Scenes, which thy pencil, true to nature, gave
To live for ever; sacred be this shrine;" &c.

A stone placed this year, 1806, on the estate of Logan house, at the waterfall, on the contrary, asserts that this place, on the opposite side of the Pentland hills, and more than three miles distant from the other, is

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
ALLAN RAMSAY.

It is, however, to be hoped that these jarrings will, at length, be completely settled and silenced; as it has been proved, in the Life prefixed to these Illustrations, that it is as impossible the scenery could have been borrowed from either of these distant and dissimilar places, as from both. The only point in which the one resembles Ramsay's Habbie's How, is, in there being, though of an opposite character, a waterfall at it; and on which the other claims kindred to his knight, Sir William Worthy, is, in their having once been at New Woodhouselee a Sir

William Purves, baronet, whose estate, in common with many other properties, was seized upon by Cromwell; but who had neither fought under Montrose, nor had left the kingdom; and with whom, or his place, or family, Ramsay had no connexion. In every peculiar circumstance, they are as unlike anything in the pastoral, as Logan house and Woodhouselee are to each other. The reverend and learned Dr. Walker, once minister of Glencross; its present pastor; assisted, it is evident, by the proprietor of New Woodhouselee; were all so conscious of the fact, that, in the Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. xv. Parish of Glencross, published in 1795, they candidly confess, as to the claims of both Logan house and Woodhouselee, that "after all, however, this appropriation must be allowed to be entirely conjectural, and to rest more upon fancy, pleasing itself in clothing its own pictures in the garb of reality, than upon any basis of evidence." Who would have expected, after such a public acknowledgment by three such unquestionable judges in 1795, resigning all authorised pretensions to the characters or scenery of the comedy, to have found such assertions, inscriptions, or engravings, as are introduced without support or confirmation, in a new and splendid edition of Ramsay's Works in 1800! On the north side of the water of Glencross, between Logan house and Castlelaw, are the remains of St. Catherine's Chapel and cemetery. The estate of Logan house, in Pennecuik parish, belongs to Mr. Ferguson of Raith, in Fife; and Castlelaw, between it and Woodhouselee, to Mr. Trotter. This water, and the North Esk, are the only currents that cross the Pentland range.

Above the Bridge, on the north side of the water is Castlelaw, and on the south Turnhouse hill; between and which last, on a part of the ascent on the right of the road, marked by a stone with an inscription upon it,

is Rullion green, where the Covenanters were finally defeated by General Dalziel of Binns, on 28th November 1666, in consequence of the religious persecutions of Charles the Second in Scotland, in favour of Episcopacy, against Presbytery.

A little below the confluence of the water of Glencross with the North Esk, stand, on a rock washed by this last stream, surrounded by woods and glens, about two miles distant to the left, the ruins of the romantic and celebrated house of Woodhouselee. It was once the property and abode of Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh, whose lady was here turned out by the Regent Murray to the inclemency of the weather, in resentment for which he was afterwards shot by her husband, in passing through Linlithgow.

The highway takes a continued rise, from Glencross bridge to Lawhead farmstead, near the summit of an offset from the hills that stretches into the valley. On the right edge of the road, as it ascends, opposite to Rullion green, are the remains of a small *clachan*, or circle of stones, once a court of justice, or a druidical temple, or, as the Druids of the Gauls and Britons are said to have been both judges and priests, used, perhaps, as a place of meeting for both purposes. On the left, is the House of Muir market-ground, where ewes big with lamb are sold on the last Monday of March, N. S.

Beyond Lawhead on the right, between and Glencross, or Logan water, and Logan house, is the highest of the middle division of the Pentland range. In the Statistical Account of the parish of Collington, it is erroneously called by Dr. Walker Logan-house hill, and is ascertained to be 1,700 feet above the level of the sea at Leith, 60 feet less than one third of a measured mile. Its name is Carnethie hill. It is of a conical shape, and has an immense collection of small stones, or a druidical cairn on

its summit. Dr. Walker thought it the highest of the chain; though Captain Armstrong, in his 'Companion' to his Map of Tweeddale, gives this pre-eminence to Harper-rig hill, at the head of the North Esk westward, which, he writes, is 1,800 feet above the sea. It has, likewise, a cairn on its summit. On the North Esk, at the bottom of the valley, to the left, about a mile distant, is the village of Pennecuik, with its cotton and paper mill, and church; and above it, farther off, on the stream, Pennecuik house, the seat of Sir George Clerk, Baronet; with an obelisk beyond it, on the highest part of the opposite bank, raised by Baron Sir John Clerk, to the memory of Allan Ramsay, who was often his guest, and was much patronized by him. In his Ode to the Earl of Hertford, President, and the rest of the British Antiquarian society, he thus compliments, and characterises this eminent judge and scholar:

"Amongst all those of the first rate,
Our learned Clerk, blest with the fate
Of thinking right, can best relate
These beauties all,
Which bear the marks of ancient date,
Be-north the wall.

"The wall which Hadrian first begun," &c.

The Latin Epitaph, transcribed from a grave-stone in the church-yard, into the Statistical Account of Pennecuik parish, was written by him, and is worthy of preservation. He is condoled on the loss of his eldest son by Ramsay; and his second, the late Sir James Clerk, who succeeded him, built the present house and square of offices, from a stratum of free sandstone, between the Marfield Loch and the North Esk, on the estate of New Hall. In the centre of the west side, or front, of the offices is a spire; and of the east, behind, raised above the roof, is an exact

representation of the *Templum Termini* of Buchanan, called 'Arthur's oven,' in the parish of Larbert in Stirlingshire, near the Carron works; the demolition of which occasioned such an outcry, especially among antiquarians, against the proprietor.

After passing a pellucid stream called the Silverburn—which is reported to be so agreeable to horses, that having once drunk of it, they always show the strongest desire to enjoy of it again when it comes in sight—the road skirts the bottom of a farther conical hill immediately beyond Carnethie, called the Black hill, from its dark heathy surface. On its pointed summit is, likewise, an immense pile of small stones; which seem to have been accumulated by the attendants on the druidical festivals, to which each brought stones to add to their cairns, celebrated on the tops of the highest and most conspicuous mountains. At nine or ten miles off, over the valley of Mid-Lothian or of the North Esk, in full view, the loftiest of the Morefoot ridge of hills, from the Waterloch at the base of which the South Esk originates, has a similar cairn on its most elevated point, and is called Dun-droigh, or Druid's hill; from *Dun*, a strong or fortified house or hill, and *Draoith*, a Druid, or *Draoitheachd*, the druidical worship and sacrifice, in Gaelic. It is in Tweeddale, in the parish of Eddlestone; the cairn is 2,100 feet above the sea; and from it, in a clear day, can be seen the Cheviot hills with part of Teviotdale, Annandale, Clydesdale, Perthshire, Fifeshire, the frith of Forth, the city of Edinburgh, and the counties of East, West, and Mid Lothian.

Beyond the Black hill, the highway crosses the Harkin, or Eight-mile burn, which is eight Scots, and nine English miles from Edinburgh. It takes its rise within a mile, at the head of its valley, to the right; flanked on the east by the Black hill, and on the west by the Broad

law; terminated at the upper end, by the Scald law, or Bard, or Poet's hill. The scalds were the Icelandic and Scandinavian bards. Like Parnassus, it has two tops. It is shaped like a wedge, with one of its flat sides to the valley; and its summits are so thin, as to render it necessary to stop, and look over, as in a wall, from their sides, on arriving at them.

The bards were of the order of the Druids, and accompanied their songs with the harp. About two miles westward, over the valley behind, formed by the upper division of Logan water, in full view of the Scald law, is Harper-rig, according to Armstrong the highest of the Pentland hills, with its druidical cairn on its lofty summit. From the base of Harper-rig, sometimes called Easter Cairn hill, on the east, rises Logan water, which, by the name of the Kitchen burn, runs through peat-mosses and uninhabited moors, watering the northern base of the Scald law, and dividing a thick bed of breccia or plumb-pudding stone; till, in three stages, this rill glides over the high precipice, before it intersects the range above Logan house, and from thence is called Logan water, till it comes near Glencross. The first fall, consisting of a number of breaks, is about 12 feet; the second 20, at the head of which is a small puny bush of mountain-ash, stinted and solitary; and the third 10 feet, with a hole at some distance, about four feet diameter and two deep, which the water fills. This is what is ridiculously called Ramsay's "little lin;" and the bare deserts around it, without a bason, or tree, his Habbie's How, and bathing pool, "where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow!" On the west side of Harper-rig is the source of the Lyne, which passes the Carlops hill at the western extremity of the chain, West Linton, Newlands, and Drochil castle, to the Tweed above Peebles. And on the south side of it, behind the Spittal hills,

opposite to New hall, springs the North Esk, which intersects the range at the east end of the Carlops hill, and after passing the village of Carlops, New-hall house, and Pennecuik, receives Glencross or Logan water, above Old Woodhouselee, on its way to Roslin, Hawthornden, Melville castle, Dalkeith, and the frith of Forth at Musselburgh.

On the east side of the Scald law, in a dry green hollow, between and the Black hill, called the Cross sward, is still left a large square stone with a hole in it, in which a cross was formerly fixed as a religious land-mark for passengers; and beyond the concave curve on the west is Monk's rig, with an old track leading over it southward called Monk's road, on the edge of which is another stone, named the Font stone, with a trough in its middle, two excavations on its side as if for a person's knees, and a socket at its end for a cross, the head of which is still lying at the foot of the rig toward the Esk. Beyond the Rig, skirting its west side and southern extremity, descends Monk's burn; between and the Easter Spittal hill, on the summit of which, about 1,600 feet above the sea, is a deep peat-moss, in which, on digging peats for fuel, was lately laid open the trunk of a large tree; and, a few yards down its eastern, and south-eastern slopes, are two lime springs. There are, likewise, lime springs as high up in the Wester Spittal hill; and on the east side of the Carlops hill, facing it, from the farther edge of the North Esk. Monk's burn is lost in the Esk at Glaud's onstead, at the head of Monk's haugh.

On the right side of the highway, between and the hills, near the Harkin burn, on an eminence are the remains of an oval camp 84 by 67 yards within, enclosing a number of tumuli 11 yards each in diameter. It is encompassed by two ditches, each four yards wide, with a mound of six yards in breadth between them; and has

an entry from the west, north, and south, but none from the east. The name it goes by is the Castle. *Caisdeal*, and *Caistal*, in Gaelic, signify a fort, or castle. It is probably of British, or Pictish, origin; for the protection of cattle, or property in general, and the defenceless part of the inhabitants in time of war, from a sudden attack. There is a similar encampment on the bank of the Harkin burn, within the woods at Pennecuik, farther down. To the left, by the side of the North Esk, about a mile distant, and nearly half-way between Pennecuik and New Hall, are the ruins of Brunstane castle, in the sixteenth century inhabited by a proprietor, as the date 1568 and corresponding initials upon it show, of the name of Crichtoune. In 1529 New Hall was possessed likewise by a family called Crichtoune. They are said to have been the ancestors of the earls of Dumfries.

After passing the eleventh, the highway comes in sight of the turnpike gate, at Monk's or Nine-mile burn, as it is here by the old Scots computation called, between and the twelfth mile-stone. A little to the right rises Monk's rig. From the other side of the burn, beyond the Glebe croft, the ground ascends to the Easter Spittal hill; the old Spittal house, with its venerable trees, being snugly relieved, and backed, in a beautiful group, between and the Wester hill. The farmstead of Friartown over St. Robert's Croft; and the New house, and the White hill, appear above the plantations and hamlet of Monk's burn; with the gate and toll-house, in front of the highway climbing the ascent beyond them.

SCENERY. (1)

On the left, within a hundred yards of Monk's burn and the turnpike-gate, a road leads down to the farm-house of Marfield, and the east end of the Marfield loch, where the *scenery* of the Gentle Shepherd begins, by a view south-westward, over the loch and the glen of the North Esk, of Symon's house, in Tweeddale, as it is seen in the engraving of it. To the south and east, on the left, the glen of the Esk, which surrounds three sides of the loch, likewise intervenes, within fifty yards of it, between and the Harlow moor. This barren tract reaches behind Symon's house, and the Harbour-craig beyond it, in the direction of the view, about six miles, terminating near Pennecuik to the north-east, and Linton, in Tweeddale, to the south-west.

From the Loch, the road continues down to the Marfield flax-mill on the edge of the Esk; with the Marfield free or sandstone quarry behind it, between and the loch. The Esk, from Marfield to its source at Esk head, separates Mid-Lothian from Tweeddale. In ascending it, Mid-Lothian, northward, is on the right; and Tweeddale, southward on the left. From this stratum of free sandstone, were built the house and offices of Pennecuik about three miles down the Esk, on the other side of Brunstane castle; and the front and spire of the church in Peebles, sixteen miles southward.

In following the track of the Esk upwards from the

(1) In describing the Scenery and Views, the words right and left, refer to the spectator. Forty years ago, the head of the valley of Mid-Lothian was all sheep-pasture; and on the whole district included in the map, there were, with the houses of the Carlops and the Spittal, but six farm-steads, with a few cottages. Some of the new farms have got names to perpetuate Ramsay's allusions.

lint-mill, after turning the lower end of the Marfield wood, on the right, between and the loch, and having on the left the point on which Symon's house stands, which stretches north from the Harlow moor, and is formed by the glens of the Esk and the Harbour-craig,—the first object that presents itself is the Fulling-mill and Dye-house, on the other side of the water, near the foot of Monk's haugh. Next appears, at the head of the haugh and the mouth of the burn, with the Lins and the "Broomy brae" behind it, and the "Loan" or "Plain" over the Esk below the extremity of the point of the Harlaw moor, Glaud's onstead, at the upper end of the Marfield wood.

At Glaud's onstead, the road crosses the Esk, and proceeds round the extremity of the point of the Harlaw moor; with the "Loan" or "Plain," and then the Green Brae park over the Esk on the right, and hid from it by the steep above, Symon's house on the left. Here, looking over the plain to the Broomy brae, and up Monk's burn, the drawing of Glaud's onstead was taken. On turning the point, a glen opens on the left, and, with its rivulet, unites with that of the Esk at a little haugh. Other two glens enter it from the opposite side, and add to the wooded variety of the banks, which, including the Esk, their four streams enliven.

On crossing the rivulet, from the left, by a stone bridge above the little haugh, beyond its two tributary streams, near half a mile distant, the vista is terminated by the Harbour craig, looking down with its grey tower-like front from the head of its glen. From this, if a carriage, or horses have been used, they must be sent forward to the village of Carlops.

After visiting the Harbour-craig, on returning to the glen of the Esk, immediately above the little haugh, on the opposite side of the stream, is "the Craigy bield;" the view of which is taken looking down the Esk, with the

opening up the Harbour-craig glen appearing, between the right bank, and the point of the Harlaw moor seen over the haugh.

About a hundred yards higher on the Esk than the Craigy bield, is the Washing green; from the lower end of which, on the south-east side of the water, the view of it was drawn. Upon the slope of the bank, north from and almost behind the washing house seen in the plate, was one of the old gardens, called the East garden, a wall, and some of the fruit trees of which still exist; and the present garden is immediately above it, with a court of offices at its head.

From the Washing house, up the Washing green or Garden burn, a path, by a romantic waterfall called the Fairies' Lin, leads up to New-Hall house, past two vaults, under the remains of the tower alluded to in the comedy, which was seen, before it was filled with wood, up the ravine from Symon's house. The vestiges of the chapel or West garden, lie on the other side of the mansion.

At the south-west end of the house, a walk descends the bank under the chapel, to the head of the Washing green, and to the Esk at the Hermitage and Mineral well on the opposite, south, side of the water at the lower end of the Squirrel's haugh. Above the haugh on the other west bank, over the stream, on a high precipitous wooded rock, stands the rustic hut, with a window to the glen, and its front to the lawn ornamented with the Obelisk. A little way farther up, on the same side, Mary's lin is heard and seen, amidst its woods and rocks.

Higher on the Esk, through an opening in its banks westward appears Habbie's house. At the same distance, up the stream, immediately under it, is Habbie's How, with its birches, bathing-pool, little lin, and green,

"Where a' the sweets o' spring and simmer grow."

Above Habbie's How is the Miller's How. From a stone bridge over the Esk, at the head of its holm, the prospect up the Esk is terminated by Patie's hill, one of the Pentlands, between the hills of Spittal and Carlops, and Farmstead, where the discovery of urns, spurs, &c. and other circumstances, render it probable there was once a Roman station, or exploratory fort. The steep slope of this hill is the bank of the Esk; and out of it, high up under the Farmstead, is cut the turnpike road from the Monk's burn to the Esk, at the village of Carlops. It crosses the prospect from the bridge, and divides the hill and Farmstead above it, from the steep between and the Esk, which is called the Wood brae. In proceeding upwards; on the left, or south-east, opposite to the Wood brae, the precipitous declivity of the Girt hill forms the other bank of the stream, and its round summit the site of the Tower to the memory of Allan Ramsay. On its northern acclivity are still the vestiges of terraces,—perhaps former intrenchments; and on a ridge on its south side is the farmstead of Roger's rig. From its western base a haugh, with the water winding through it, leads up to the highway at the Carlops bridge, a few yards beyond the thirteenth mile-stone from Edinburgh, connecting the shire of Edinburgh with that of Peebles.

A short distance above the bridge, and fronting it, is a mill for spinning and carding wool, and fulling cloth. It stands half a mile below the hill and farmstead of Fairliehope. From the mill, the water runs with great impetuosity, amidst rugged and pointed rocks, till it gets through the arch, when it makes a little fall, almost under it, at the head of the haugh. At the farther end of the bridge is the turnpike gate at the northern extremity of the county of Tweeddale, leading into the manufacturing village of Carlops, begun to be built in 1784, which occu-

pies a pass or glen betwixt the banks of the Esk and the dean of the Carlops burn, southwards. In proceeding along the highway which makes the street of the village, above the acclivity on the right, between and a shoulder of the Carlops hill called the Turnip hill, is a gently inclined plain named the Lead flats, on which it is said corn was never known to be injured by frost. The ascent on the left conceals the old Mansion of Carlops, appropriated by Ramsay to Roger, with the "Blasted tree" on the east side of it; and, at the extremity of the village, the glen is contracted by two romantic rocks called the Carline's Loups, from which the hill, burn, and district of the Carlops have been named. The southern termination of the glen, on the outside of the rocks, looks over Mause's meadow, with its springs, to the Carlops green, and the "open fields," southwards, beyond the Carlops burn skirting the outside of the dean, which the highway crosses in pursuing its course to west Linton; and Lyne bridge, three miles to the south-west, on the road to Lead-hills, and Crawford-moor. The rocks, according to popular belief, were named as the points from whence a supposed carline or witch, who resided near them, was believed at nights, with her cat and candle, on her broom, frequently to make her loups or leaps, and to bound and frolic across the mouth of the pass or glen, when no house but her "cruve," and the mansion above it, eastward, was to be seen near them. The same spot has been chosen for the cottage of Mause, which seems to have suggested her introduction as a witch into the comedy. This is, undeniably, proved by the minute coincidence between the tradition, the site, the southern exposure, the blasted solitary tree, the spring-wells, the open fields in the same direction, with the other objects round the "cruve," and Ramsay's residence near the spot, and descriptions, had no other evidence existed. All the objects are still to be

seen as they are represented in the view of them, which is taken from the south-west.

Within sight, downwards from this part of the dean, are the lime quarries of Carlops, with the Rumbling well between them, and the Carlops burn which is lost in the Esk at the Little haugh near the Craigy bield, where the valley of the Harbour-craig branches off. By following the dean and burn upwards, from the rocks, along the foot of the Carlops hill ascending on the right, appear in succession, the Little Turnip or Hole Haugh knowe, almost an exact cone, in the middle of the flat; the Lin Burn, as seen in the engraving of it, within its rocky glen, spouting over its whinstone precipice at the bottom of the mountain; and, beyond it, from the same bank, the crops of the strata of limestone bursting out about twenty feet up, after having accompanied, with the other secondary strata of sandstone and coal, the valley of Mid-Lothian, from the frith of the Forth at the bay of Musselburgh. Opposite to these lime rocks, in the middle of the dean, is Dun Kaim; and above it, likewise in the centre of the flat, appears the romantic rocky cone called the Peaked craig, with Jenny Barry's cove, the little grotto from whence issues the Carlops burn, near it, at the bottom of the mountain. On the other, south-east, side of the dean, is a recess in the bank called Hell's hole, beside a number of craggy passages known by the name of the Carlops' snabs, near the farmstead of the West Mains over the highway, which conducts to Dumfries; or Crawford-moor and Lead-hills; or to Glasgow, by Carnwath and Carluke, or Lanark and Hamilton.

In returning from the Snabs by the public road; after passing the twelfth mile stone, and the turnpike gate at Monk's burn, a communication along the east slope of Monk's rig, the west side of the Scald law, and then by Bavelaw house, leads across the Pentland hills to the

Water of Leith at Malleny; and from thence, by a highway, down that beautiful stream to Edinburgh. This route, in going back to the metropolis, adds only two miles to its length, and gives increased variety to the ride.

The prefixed MAP is intended to give a general view of the relative situations of the scenes in nature from which the plates were taken; that their connexion with each other, and their coincidence with the pastoral, may be the more striking and easily understood. It is reduced from a large plan done from an actual survey in the year 1770; and the farms, then annexed to the houses of Symon, Glaud, and Roger, are distinguished according to the best information that could be obtained. In visiting the objects, as they still exist, convenience and despatch render it advisable to follow the track now pointed out, and which is marked upon the map, from the highway, by the Marfield loch, to the Esk, near it, which then becomes the guide upward; but, in the arrangement of the engravings and descriptions, it becomes necessary to adhere to the order in which the scenes appear in the comedy, which they are meant to illustrate and explain.]

1721. [1719?]

RICHY AND SANDY:[1]

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

RICHY.

What gars thee look sae dowf, dear Sandy, say?
Cheer up, dull fellow, take thy reed and play
"My apron deary," or some wanton tune!
Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon!

SANDY.

Na, na, it winna do! leave me to mane:
This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

RICHY.

Wow, man, that's unco' sad!—Is't that ye'r jo
Has ta'en the strunt? Or has some bogle-bo,
Glowrin frae 'mang auld wa's, gi'en ye a fleg?
Or has some dauted wedder broke his leg?

SANDY.

Naething like that,—sic troubles eith were borne:
What's bogles, wedders, or what Mausy's scorn?
Our loss is meikle mair, and past remead:
Adie, that play'd and sang sae sweet, is dead.

RICHY.

Dead! say'st thou?—Oh, had up my heart, O Pan!
Ye gods, what laids ye lay on feckless man!

(1) Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Alexander Pope.

Alake therefore! I canna wyt ye're wae;
I'll bear ye company for year and day.
A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,
Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent.
Blyth at the bught how aft ha'e we three been,
Heartsome on hills, and gay upon the green.

SANDY.

That's true indeed! But now thae days are gane,
And, with him, a' that's pleasant on the plain.
A summer day I never thought it lang,
To hear him make a roundel or a sang.
How sweet he sung where vines and myrtles grow,
Of wimbling waters which in Latium flow.(1)
Titry the Mantuan herd, wha lang sinsyne,
Best sung on aeten reed the lover's pine,
Had he been to the fore now in our days,
Wi' Adie he had frankly dealt his bays.
As lang's the warld shall Amaryllis ken,
His Rosamond (2) shall echo thro' the glen;
While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows,
Or wand'ring lambs rin bleating after ewes,
His fame shall last; last shall his sang of weirs, (3)
While British bairns brag of their bauld forbears.
We'll meikle miss his blyth and witty jest,
At spaining time, or at our Lambmass feast.
O, Richy! but 'tis hard that Death ay reaves
Away the best fowk, and the ill anes leaves!
Hing down yer heads, ye hills; greet out, ye springs;
Upon yer edge na mair the shepherd sings!

(1) His poetic epistle from Italy to the Earl of Halifax.
(2) An opera wrote by him.
(3) His 'Campaign,' an heroic poem.

RICHY.

Then he had ay a good advice to gie,
And kend my thoughts amaist as well as me.
Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins sour,
He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour;
Had Rosie ta'en the dorts, or had the tod
Worry'd my lambs, or were my feet ill shod,
Kindly he'd laugh when sae he saw me dwine,
And talk of happiness like a divine.
Of ilka thing he had an unco' skill;
He kend by moon-light how tides ebb and fill;
He kend (what kend he no?) e'en to a hair
He'd tell or night gin neist day wad be fair.
Blind John, (1) ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,
How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise;
Mony a time, beneath the auld birk-tree,
What's bonny in that sang he loot me see.
The lasses aft flung down their rakes and pails,
And held their tongues, O strange! to hear his tales.

SANDY.

Sound be his sleep, and saft his wak'ning be!
He's in a better case than thee or me.
He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back,—he was a borrow'd len.
Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift,
Then we may yet forgether 'boon the lift.
But see the sheep are wysing to the cleugh;
Thomas has loos'd his ousen frae the pleugh;
Maggy by this has bewk the supper-scones;
And muckle kye stand rowting in the loans;

(1) The famous Milton, the author of the excellent poem on Paradise Lost, was blind.

Come, Richy, let us truse and hame o'er bend,
And make the best of what we canna mend.

1728. [1721?]

ROBERT, RICHY, AND SANDY:

A PASTORAL ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

Robert, the good, by a' the swains rever'd,—
Wise are his words,—like siller is his beard;
Near saxty shining simmers he has seen,
Tenting his hirsle on the moorland green;
Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind,
Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind;
But now he droops,—ane wad be wae to see
Him sae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,
That he may scowth to a' his mourning len;
Nane but the clinty craigs and scrogy briers
Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears.
Howder'd wi' hills a crystal burnie ran,
Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld man:
Kind Richy Spec, a friend to a' distrest,
And Sandy, wha of shepherds sings the best.
With friendly looks they speer'd, wherefore he mourn'd?
He rais'd his head, and, sighing, thus return'd:

ROBERT.

O Matt! poor Matt!—my lads, e'en take a skair
Of a' my grief!—sweet-singing Matt's nae mair!
Ah, heavens! did e'er this lyart head of mine
Think to have seen the cauldrife mools on thine.

RICHY.

My heart misga'e me when I came this way!
His dog its lane sat yowling on a brae;
I cry'd, "Isk! isk! poor Ringwood, sairy man!"
He wagg'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my han';
I clapp'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;
But soon's I gade away, he yowl'd again.
Poor kindly beast!—Ah, sirs, how sic should be
Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

SANDY.

Last ouk I dream'd my tup that bears the bell,
And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,
And brak his leg,—I started frae my bed,
Awak'd, and leugh,—Ah! now my dream it's red!
How dreigh's our cares! our joys how soon away,
Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!
Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me;
Dear sweet-tongu'd Matt! thousands shall greet for thee.

ROBERT.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear,
Ye shed for him: he to us a' was dear.
Sandy, I'm eas'd to see thee look sae wan!
Richy, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man!

RICHY.

But twice the summer's sun has thaw'd the snaw,
Since frae our heights Addie (1) was ta'en awa';
Fast Matt has follow'd.—Of sic twa bereft,
To smooth our sauls, alake! wha have we left?
Waes me! o'er short a tack of sic is given,
But wha may contradict the will of Heaven?

(1) Secretary Addison.

Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale
Sing o'er his sangs, and tell his merry tale.
Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree,
Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me;
I thought it might have flourish'd on the brae,
Tho' past its prime, yet twenty years or sae;
But ae rough night the blatt'ring winds blew snell,
Torn frae its roots adown it souchan fell;
Twin'd of its nourishment it lifeless lay,
Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.
Sae flourish'd Matt! But where's the tongue can tell
How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

How snackly could he gie a fool reproof,
E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff loof?
How did he warning to the dosen'd sing,
By auld Purganty, and the Dutchman's ring?
And Lucky's siller ladle shaws how aft
Our greatest wishes are but vain and daft.
The wad-be wits,—he bad them a' but pap
Their crazy heads into Tam Tinman's shap;
There they wad see a squirrel wi' his bells
Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themsells.
Thousands of things he wittily could say,
With fancy strang, and saul as clear as day.
Smart were his tales: but where's the tongue can tell
How blyth he was? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

And as he blythsome was, sae was he wise;
Our laird himsell wad aft take his advice.
E'en cheek for chew he'd seat him 'mang them a',
And talk his mind 'bout kittle points of law.

When clan Red-yards,(1) ye ken wi' wicked feud,
Had skail'd of ours, but mair of his ain blood;
When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,
Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house;
Yet lady Anne, a woman meek and kind,
A fae to weirs,—and of a peacefu' mind,
Since mony in the fray had got their dead,
To make the peace our friend was sent wi' speed.
The very faes had for him just regard,
Tho' sair he jib'd their foremost singing bard. (2)
Careful was Matt! But where's the tongue can tell
How wise he was? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

Wha cou'd like him, in a short sang, define
The bonny lass and her young lover's pine!
I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,
Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his clay;
To gratify the paughty wench's pride,
The silly shepherd "bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd."
Sic constant lasses as 'the Nit-brown maid,'
Shall never want just praises duly paid;
Sic claim'd his sang, and still it was his care,
With pleasing words to guide and reese the fair.
How sweet his voice when beauty was in view!
Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new;
Nae word stood wrang! But where's the tongue can tell
How saft he sung? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,
A minister nae better cou'd behave.

(1) Lewis XIV. king of France.
(2) Boileau, whose ode on the taking of Namur by the French in 1692, he burlesqued, on its being retaken by the English in 1695.

Far out of sight of sic he aften flew,
When he of haly wonders took a view;
Well cou'd he praise the Power that made us a',
And bids us in return but tent his law;
Wha guides us when we're wauking or asleep,
With thousand times mair care than we our sheep.
While he of pleasure, power, and wisdom sang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang:
These to repeat braid spoken I wad spill,
Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.
He tower'd aboon! But ah! what tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

ROBERT.

My bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,
Wha hae sae true a feeling of our skaith!
O Sandy! draw his likeness in smooth verse,
As well ye can; then shepherds shall rehearse
His merit, while the sun metes out the day,
While ewes shall bleet, and little lambkins mae.
I've been a fauter, now three days are past,
While I for grief have hardly broke my fast;
Come to my shiel, there let's forget our care,
I dinna want a routh of country fair,
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair;
Besides, my lads, I have a browst of tip,
As good as ever wash'd a shepherd's lip;
We'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain,
For a' our tears and sighs are but in vain:
Come, help me up; yon sooty cloud shores rain.

1721.

KEITHA:

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MARY, THE COUNTESS OF WIGTON.

RINGAN.

O'ER ilka thing a gen'ral sadness hings;
The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings;
My sheep and kye neglect to moup their food,
And seem to think as in a dumpish mood.
Hark! how the winds souch mournfu' thro' the broom,—
The very lift puts on a heavy gloom.
My neighbour Colin too, he bears a part,
His face speaks out the sairness of his heart;
Tell, tell me, Colin, for my boding thought,
A bang of fears into my breast has brought!

COLIN.

Where hast thou been, thou simpleton, wha speers
The cause of a' our sorrow and our tears?
Wha unconcern'd can hear the common skaith
The warld receives by lovely Keitha's death?
The bonniest sample of what's good and kind,
Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind;
But now this sweetest flower of a' our plain
Leaves us to sigh; tho' a' our sighs are vain,
For never mair she'll grace the heartsome green;
Ay heartsome, when she deign'd there to be seen,
Speak, flow'ry meadows, where she us'd to wauk;
Speak, flocks and burds, wha've heard her sing or tauk;
Did ever you sae meikle beauty bear?
Or ye so mony heav'nly accents hear?

Ye painted haughs, ye minstrels of the air,
Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair!

RINGAN.

Ye westlin winds, that gently us'd to play
On her white breast, and steal some sweets away,
Whilst her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,
Which gratefu' Flora took to feed her bees;
Bear on your wings round earth her spotless fame,
Worthy that noble race from whence she came.(1)
Resounding braes, where'er she us'd to lean,
And view the crystal burn glide o'er the green,
Return your echoes to our mournfu' sang,
And let the streams in murmurs bear't alang.
Ye unkend pow'rs wha water haunt or air,
Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair!

COLIN.

Ah! wha cou'd tell the beauties of her face?
Her mouth that never op'd but wi' a grace;
Her een, which did with heav'nly sparkles low;
Her modest cheek, flush'd with a rosie glow;
Her fair brent brow, smooth as th' unrunkled deep,
When a' the winds are in their caves asleep;
Her presence, like a simmer's morning ray,
Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look gay.
Now twin'd of life, these charms look cauld and blae,
And what before gave joy now makes us wae.
Her goodness shin'd in ilka pious deed,—
A subject, Ringan, for a lofty reed;
A shepherd's sang maun sic high thoughts decline,
Lest rustic notes should darken what's divine.

(1) She was daughter to the late Earl Marshal, the third of that honourable rank of nobility.

Youth, beauty, graces, a' that's good and fair,
Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair!

RINGAN.

How tenderly she smooth'd our master's mind,
When round his manly waist her arms she twin'd,
And look'd a thousand saft things to his heart,
While native sweetness sought nae help frae art.
To him her merit still appear'd mair bright,
As yielding she own'd his superior right.
Baith saft and sound he slept within her arms,
Gay were his dreams, the influence of her charms.
Soon as the morning dawn'd he'd draw the screen,
And watch the op'ning of her fairer een,
Whence sweetest rays gusht out in sic a thrang,
Beyond expression in my rural sang.

COLIN.

O Clementina! sprouting fair remains
Of her wha was the glory of the plains;
Dear innocence, with infant darkness blist,
Which hides the happiness that thou hast mist,
May a' thy mither's sweets thy portion be,
And a' thy mither's graces shine in thee!

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill;
And a' she ga'e she geed it wi' good will.
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that day,
On which frae us she's tane sae soon away;
Baith hynds and herds whase cheeks bespake nae scant,
And throu' the howms could whistle, sing, and rant,
Will miss her sair till happily they find
Anither in her place sae good and kind.

The lasses wha did at her graces mint,
Ha'e by her death their bonniest pattern tint.
O! ilka ane who did her bounty skair,
Lament, for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair!

COLIN.

O Ringan, Ringan! things gang sae unev'n,
I canna well take up the will of Heav'n.
Our crosses teughly last us mony a year,
But unco soon our blessings disappear.

RINGAN.

I'll tell thee, Colin, my last Sunday's note,
I tented well mess Thomas ilka jot.
The powers aboon are cautious as they're just,
And dinna like to gie o'er meikle trust
To this unconstant earth, with what's divine,
Lest in laigh damps they should their lustre tine.
Sae, let's leave aff our murmuring and tears,
And never value life by length of years;
But as we can in goodness it employ,
Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal joy.
Come, Colin, dight your cheeks and banish care,
Our Lady's happy, tho' with us nae mair!

AN ODE,

WITH A PASTORAL RECITATIVE,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF JAMES EARL OF WEMYSS TO MISS JANET CHARTERIS.

RECITATIVE.

Last morn young Rosalind, with laughing een,
Met with the singing shepherd on the green,
Armyas hight, wha us'd with tunefu' lay
To please the ear when he began to play:
Him with a smile the blooming lass addrest;
Her cheerfu' look her inward joy confest.

ROSALIND.

Dear shepherd, now exert your wonted fire,
I'll tell you news that shall your thoughts inspire.

ARMYAS.

Out wi' them, bonny lass, and if they'll bear
But ceremony, you a sang shall hear.

ROSALIND.

They'll bear, and do invite the blythest strains;
The beauteous Charterissa of these plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us sae wae,
When we heard tell she was far aff to gae,
And leave our heartsome fields, her native land,
Now's ta'en in time, and fix'd by Hymen's band.

ARMYAS.

To whom?—speak fast!—I hope ye dinna jeer.

ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear; 'tis true as we stand here!
The thane of Fife, who lately wi' his flane,
And vizy leel, made the blyth bowl his ain;
He, the delight of baith the sma' and great,
Wha's bright beginning spae his sonsy fate,
Has gain'd her heart; and now their mutual flame
Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

ARMYAS.

Now, Rosalind, may never sorrow twine
Sae near your heart as joys arise in mine!
Come kiss me, lassie, and you's hear me sing
A bridal sang that thro' the woods shall ring.

ROSALIND.

Ye're ay sae daft! come, take it and ha'e done.
Let a' the lines be saft, and sweet the tune.

ARMYAS *sings.*

Come, shepherds, a' your whistles join,
And shaw your blythest faces;
The nymph that we were like to tine,
At hame her pleasure places.
Lift up your notes both loud and gay,
Yet sweet as Philomela's,
And yearly solemnize the day
When this good luck befel us.

Hail to the thane descended frae
Macduff renown'd in story,
Wha Albion frae tyrannic sway
Restor'd to ancient glory!
His early blossoms loud proclaim
That frae this stem he rises,

Whase merits give him right to fame,
And to the highest prizes.

His lovely countess sing, ye swains,
Nae subject can be sweeter;
The best of blood flows in her veins,
Which makes ilk grace completer;
Bright are the beauties of her mind,
Which frae her dawn of reason,
With a' the rays of wit hath shin'd,
Which virtue still did season.

Straight as the plane, her features fair,
And bonny to a wonder;
Were Jove rampaging in the air,
Her smiles might stap his thunder.
Rejoice in her then, happy youth,
Her innate worth's a treasure;
Her sweetness a' your cares will sooth,
And furnish endless pleasure.

Lang may ye live t' enjoy her charms,
And lang, lang may they blossom,
Securely screen'd within your arms,
And lodged in your bosom.
Thrice happy parents, justly may
Your breasts with joy be fired,
When you the darling pair survey,
By a' the warld admired.

A MASQUE (1)

PERFORMED AT CELEBRATING THE NUPTIALS OF

JAMES DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LADY ANN COCHRAN.

CALLIOPE

(*Playing upon a violoncello, sings*).

Joy to the bridegroom, prince of Clyde,
Lang may his bliss and greatness blossom!
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
Who gains this day his Grace's bosom!

(1) An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following Introduction to the London edition of this masque; and being a poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting it here.

"The present poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amiss to say something of a diversion once so agreeable, and so long interrupted or disused. The original of masques seems to be an imitation of the interludes of the ancients, presented on occasion of some ceremony performed in a great and noble family. The actors in this kind of half-dramatic poetry have formerly been even kings, princes, and the first personages of the kingdom; and in private families, the noblest and nearest branches. The machinery was of the greatest magnificence; very showy, costly, and not uncommonly contrived by the ablest architects, as well as the best poets. Thus we see in Ben Jonson the name of Inigo Jones, and the same in Carew; whether as the modeller only, or as poet in conjunction with them, seems to be doubtful, there being nothing of our English Vitruvius left (that I know of) which places him in the class of writers. These shows we trace backwards as far as Henry VIII., from thence to Queen Elizabeth and her successor King James, who was both a great encourager and admirer of them. The last masque, and the best ever written, was that of Milton, presented at Ludlow castle, in the praise of which no words can be too many: and I remember to have heard the late excellent Mr. Addison agree with me in that opinion. Coronations, princely nuptials, public feasts, the entertainment of foreign quality, were the usual occasions of this performance; and the best poet of the age was courted to be the author. Mr. Ramsay has made a noble and successful attempt to revive this kind of poesy, on a late celebrated account. And though he is often to be admired in all his writings, yet, I think, never more than in his present composition. A particular friend gave it a second edition in England; which, I fancy, the public will agree that it deserved."

Appear, great Genius of his line,
And bear a part in the rejoicing;
Behold your ward, by pow'rs divine,
Join'd with a mate of their ain choosing.

Forsake a while the Cyprian scene,
Fair queen of smiles and saft embraces,
And hither come, with a' your train
Of beauties, loves, and sports, and graces.

Come, Hymen, bless their nuptial vow,
And them with mutual joys inspire:
Descend, Minerva, for 'tis you
With virtue beats the haly fire.

(*At the close of this sang enters the* GENIUS *of the family, clad in a scarlet robe, with a duke's coronet on his head, a shield on his left arm with the proper bearing of Hamilton.*)

GENIUS.

Fair mistress of harmonious sounds, we hear
Thy invitation, gratefu' to the ear
Of a' the gods, who from th' Olympian height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight:
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th' invited guests am come.

(*Enter* VENUS *attended by three* GRACES, *with* MINERVA, *and* HYMEN; *all in their proper dresses.*)

CALLIOPE.

Welcome, ye bright divinities, that guard
The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward!
All hail! immortal progeny of Jove,
Who plant, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

GENIUS.

Be still auspicious to th' united pair,
And let their purest pleasures be your care;
Your stores of genial blessings here employ,
To crown th' illustrious youth and fair ane's joy.

VENUS.

I'll breathe eternal sweets in ev'ry air;
He shall look always great, she ever fair;
Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye,
Round her the loves in smiling crowds shall fly,
And bare frae ilka glance, on downy wings,
Into his ravish'd heart the saftest things:
And soon as Hymen has perform'd his rites,
I'll shower on them my hale Idalian sweets;
They shall possess,
In each caress,
Delights shall tire
The muse's fire
In highest numbers to express.

HYMEN.

I'll busk their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka langing wish with raptures crown;
The gloomy nights shall ne'er unwelcome prove,
That leads them to the silent scenes of love;
The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,
To cheer and animate each dear embrace;
Fond of the fair he faulds her in his arms,
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms.
Rejoice, brave youth,
In sic a fouth

Of joys the gods for thee provide;
The rosy dawn,
The flow'ry lawn,
That spring has dress'd in a' its pride,
Claim no regard,
When they're compar'd
With blooming beauties of thy bride.

MINERVA.

Fairest of a' the goddesses, and thou
That links the lovers to be ever true,
The gods and mortals own your mighty power,
But 'tis not you can make their sweets secure;
That be my task to make a friendship rise,
Shall raise their loves aboon the vulgar size.
Those near related to the brutal kind,
Ken naething of the wedlock of the mind;
'Tis I can make a life a honeymoon,
And mould a love shall last like that aboon.
A' these sma' springs, whence cauld reserve and spleen
Take their first rise, and, favour'd, flow mair keen,
I shall discover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new;
Nor jealousy, nor envious mouth,
Shall dare to blast their love;
But wisdom, constancy, and truth,
Shall ev'ry bliss improve.

GENIUS.

Thrice happy chief, so much the care
Of a' the family of Jove!
A thousand blessings wait the fair,
Who is found worthy of his love.
Lang may the fair attractions of her mind
Make her still lovelier, him for ever kind.

MINERVA.

The ancestors of mightiest chiefs and kings,
Nae higher can derive than human springs;
Yet frae the common soil each wondrous root,
Aloft to heav'n their spreading branches shoot.
Bauld in my aid, these triumph'd over fate,
Fam'd for unbounded thought, or stern debate;
Borne high upon an undertaking mind,
Superior rise, and left the crowd behind.

GENIUS.

Frae these descending, laurell'd with renown,
My charge through ages draws his lineage down:
The paths of sic forbeairs lang may he trace,
And she be mother to as famed a race.
When blue diseases fill the drumly air,
And red-het bowts through flaughts of lightning rair,
Or mad'ning factions shake the sanguine sword,
With watchfu' eye I'll tent my darling lord;
And his lov'd mate, though furies should break loose,
Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

FIRST GRACE.

While gods keep halyday, and mortals smile,
Let Nature with delights adorn the isle.
Be hush, bauld North; Favonius only blaw;
And cease, bleak clouds, to shed or wet or snaw;
Shine bright thou radiant ruler of the year,
And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

SECOND GRACE.

Thy mouth, great queen of goddesses, make gay,
Which gains new honours frae this marriage-day.

On Glotta's banks, ye healthfu' hynds, resort,
And with the landart lasses blythely sport.

THIRD GRACE.

Wear your best faces, and your Sunday's weeds,
And rouse the dance with your maist tunefu' reeds;
Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound,
And wake responsive echo all around.

FIRST GRACE.

Sing your great master, Scotia's eldest son,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won.
Come, sisters, let's frae art's hale stores collect
Whatever can her native beauties deck,
That in the day she may eclipse the light,
And ding the constellations of the night.

VENUS.

Cease, busy maids, your artfu' buskings raise
But small addition to her genuine rays.
Though ilka plain and ilka sea combine
To make her with their richest product shine;
Her lip, her bosom, and her sparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond sheen;
These lesser ornaments, illustrious bride,
As bars to safter blessings, fling aside:
Steal frae them sweetly to your nuptial bed,
As frae its body slides the sainted shade,
Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above,
Where all is harmony, and all is love;
Haste to these blessings, kiss the night away,
And make it ten times pleasanter than day.

HYMEN.

The whisper and caress shall shorten hours,
While, kindly as the beams on dewy flowers,
Thy sun, like him who the fresh bev'rage sips,
Shall feast upon the sweetness of thy lips;
My haly hand maun chastely now unloose
That zone which a' thy virgin charms enclose;
That zone should be less gratefu' to the fair,
Than easy bands of safter wedlock are;
That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing;
The langer these are bound, the mair of honour bring.

MINERVA.

Yes, happy pair, whate'er the gods inspire,
Pursue and gratify each just desire;
Enjoy your passions, with full transports mixt,
But still observe the bounds by virtue fixt.

Enter BACCHUS.

What brings Minerva here this rantin night?
She's good for naething but to preach or fight!
Is this a time for either?—Swith away,
Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay!

MINERVA.

Peace, Theban roarer! while the milder pow'rs
Give entertainment, there's nae need of yours;
The pure reflection of our calmer joys
Has mair of heaven than a' thy flashy noise.

BACCHUS.

Ye canna want it, faith! you that appear
Anes at a bridal but in twenty year,—

A ferly 'tis your dortiship to see,—
But where was e'er a wedding without me?
Blue een, remember, I'm baith hap and saul
To Venus there; but me, she'd starve o' caul.

VENUS.

We awn the truth.—Minerva, cease to check
Our jolly brother with your disrepect;
He's never absent at the treats of Jove,
And should be present at this feast of love.

GENIUS.

Maist welcome, Power that cheers the vital streams,
When Pallas guards thee frae the wild extremes;
Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,
My generous charge with open smiling greets.

BACCHUS.

I'm nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,
But there's my paw, I shall fu' tightly drink
A hearty health to thir same lovely twa,
That are sae meikle dauted by you a'.
Then with my juice a reaming bicker crown;
I'll gie a toast, and see it fairly round.

Enter GANYMEDE

(*With a flagon in one hand, and a glass in the other*).

To you, blyth beings, the benign directar
Of gods and men, to keep your sauls in tift,
Has sent you here a present of his nectar,
As good as e'er was brew'n aboon the lift.

BACCHUS.

Ha! Gany, come, my dainty boy,
Skink't up, and let us prieve;
Without it life wad be a toy:
Here gie me't in my nieve.

[*Takes the glass.*

Good health to Hamilton, and his
Lov'd mate!—O, father Jove! we crave
Thou'lt grant them a lang tack of bliss,
And rowth of bonny bairns and brave;
Pour on them, frae thy endless store,
A' bennisons that are divine,
With as good will as I waught o'er
This flowing glass of heav'nly wine.

[*Drinks, and causes all the company to drink round.*

Come, see't about; and syne let's all advance,
Mortals and gods be pairs and tak a dance.
Minerva mim, for a' your mortal stoor,
Ye shall with billy Bacchus fit the floor!
Play up there, lassie, some blyth Scottish tune,
Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

[*The health about, music and dancing begin. The dancing over, before her Grace retires with the ladies to be undressed,* CALLIOPE *sings the*

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,
Which shining sauls impart,
It to perfection mounts above,
And glows about the heart;

It is the flame gives lasting worth,
To greatness, beauty, wealth, and birth.
On you, illustrious youthfu' pair,
Who are high heaven's delight and care,
The blissfu' beam darts warm and fair,
And shall improve the rest
Of a' these gifts baith great and rare
Of which ye are possest.
Bacchus, bear off your dinsome gang,
Hark frae yon howms the rural thrang
Invite you now away;
While ilka hind,
And maiden kind,
Dance in a ring,
While shepherds sing
In honour of the day.
Gae drink and dance
Till morn advance,
And set the twinkling fires;
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their desires.
Gae, Loves and Graces, take your place,
Around the nuptial bed abide;
Fair Venus heighten each embrace,
And smoothly make their minutes slide.
Gae, Hymen, put the couch in case;
Minerva, thither lead the bride;
Neist, all attend his youthfu' Grace,
And lay him sweetly by her side.

A PASTORAL EPITHALAMIUM

UPON THE HAPPY MARRIAGE OF GEORGE LORD RAMSAY AND LADY JEAN MAULE.

Hail to the brave apparent chief,
Boast of the Ramsay's clanish name,
Whase ancestors stood the relief
Of Scotland, ages known to fame!

Hail to the lovely she, whose charms,
Complete in graces, meet his love;
Adorn'd with all that greatness warms,
And makes him grateful bow to Jove!

Both from the line of patriots rise,
Chiefs of Dalhousie and Panmure,
Whose loyal fames shall stains despise,
While ocean flows, and orbs endure.

The Ramsays! Caledonia's prop;
The Maules! struck still her foes with dread;
Now join'd, we from the union hope
A race of heroes shall succeed.

Let meaner souls transgress the rules
That's fix'd by honour, love, and truth;
While little views proclaim them fools,
Unworthy beauty, sense, and youth;

Whilst you, blest pair, belov'd by all
The powers above, and blest below;

Shall have delights attend your call,
And lasting pleasures on you flow.

What Fate has fix'd, and Love has done,
The guardians of mankind approve:
Well may they finish what's begun,
And from your joys all cares remove.

We wish'd—when straight a heavenly voice
Inspir'd—we heard the blue-ey'd maid
Cry, "Who dare quarrel with the choice?
The choice is mine, be mine their aid!"

Be thine their aid, O wisest power!
And soon again we hope to see
Their plains return, splendid their tower,
And blossom broad the Edgewell tree.[1]

Whilst he with manly merits stor'd,
Shall rise the glory of his clan;
She for celestial sweets ador'd,
Shall ever charm the gracefu' man.

Soon may their royal bird[2] extend
His sable plumes, and lordships claim,
Which to his valiant sires pertain'd,
Ere earls in Albion were a name.

Ye parents of the happy pair,
With generous smiles consenting, own
That they deserve your kindest care:
Thus, with the gods, their pleasure crown.

(1) See note, p. 323, *post*.

(2) The spread eagle sable, on a field argent, in the arms of the earl of Dalhousie.

Haste, ev'ry Grace, each Love, and Smile,
From fragrant Cyprus spread the wing;
To deck their couch, exhaust your isle
Of all the beauties of the spring.

On them attend with homage due,
In him are Mars and Phœbus seen;
And in the noble nymph you'll view
The sage Minerva and your Queen.

BETTY AND KATE:

A PASTORAL FAREWELL TO MR. AIKMAN,(1) WHEN HE WENT FOR LONDON.

Dear Katie, Willy's e'en away!
Willy, of herds the wale,
To feed his flock, and make his hay,
Upon a distant dale.
Far to the southward of this height
Where now we dowie stray,
Ay heartsome when he cheer'd our sight,
And leugh with us a' day.

KATE.

O Willy! can dale dainties please
Thee mair than moorland ream?
Does Isis flow with sweeter ease
Than Fortha's gentle stream?

(1) [* Mr. Aikman, the painter, was born in 1682. He was the son of Mr. William Aikman of Cairny, by Margaret, third sister of Sir John Clerk. In London he became acquainted with the author of 'The Seasons,' and his friend Mallet; both of whom wrote elegiac verses on his death in 1731.]

Or takes thou rather mair delyt
In the strae-hatted maid,
Than in the blooming red and whyt
Of her that wears the plaid?

BETTY.

Na, Kate, for that we needna mourn,
He is not given to change;
But sauls of sic a shining turn,
For honour like to range.
Our laird and a' the gentry round,
Wha mauna be said nay,
Sic pleasure in his art have found,
They winna let him stay.
Blyth I have stood frae morn to een,
To see how true and weel
He cou'd delyt us on the green
With a piece cawk and keel;
On a slid stane, or smoother slate,
He can the picture draw
Of you or me, or sheep or gait,
The likest e'er ye saw.
Lass, think nae shame to ease your mind,
I see ye're like to greet:
Let gae these tears, 'tis justly kind,
For shepherd sae complete.

KATE.

Far, far, o'er far frae Spey and Clyde,
Stands that great town of Lud,
To whilk our best lads rin and ride,
That's like to put us wood;
For sindle times they e'er come back,
Wha anes are heftit there:

Sure, Bess, their hills are nae sae black,
Nor yet their howms sae bare!

BETTY.

Our rigs are rich, and green our heights,
And well our cares reward;
But yield, nae doubt, far less delights,
In absence of our laird:
But we maun cawmly now submit,
And our ill luck lament,
And leav't to his ain sense and wit,
To find his heart's content.
A thousand gates he had to win
The love of auld and young,
Did a' he did with little din,
And in nae deed was dung.

KATE.

William and Mary never fail'd
To welcome with a smile,
And hearten us, when aught we ail'd,
Without designing guile.
Lang may she happily possess,
Wha's in his breast infeft,
And may their bonny bairns increase,
And a' with rowth be left.
O, William! win your laurels fast,
And syne we'll a' be fain,
Soon as your wand'ring days are past,
And you're return'd again.

BETTY.

Revive her joys by your return,
To whom you first gave pain;

Judge how her passions for you burn,
By these you bear your ain.
Sae may your kirn with fatness flow,
And a' your kye be sleek;
And may your hearts with gladness glow,
In finding what ye seek.

LYRIC POEMS.

1724—1727.

THE DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO

THE TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY;

A COLLECTION OF SONGS,

FROM WHICH

THE FOLLOWING, COMPOSED BY ALLAN RAMSAY,

ARE EXTRACTED.

Behold, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire:
What reason can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the soul?

E. W.

TO

Ilka lovely British lass,
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess
Wha dances barefoot on the green.

Dear Lasses,

Your most humble slave,
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling wad your acceptance crave,
When he presents this small propine.

Then take it kindly to your care;
Revive it with your tunefu' notes;

Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising saftly through your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling eye,
The spinnet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or clashes stay the lazy lass,
Their sangs may ward you frae the sour,
And gayly vacant minutes pass.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,
Syne saftly sip when ye have sung.

May happiness had up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving fires!
May Powers propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your desires!

A. RAMSAY

EDINBURGH, *January* 1, 1724.

1721.

WINE AND MUSIC.

SYMON.

O Colin! how dull is 't to be,
When a soul is sinking wi' pain,
To one who is pained like me.
My life 's grown a load,
And my faculties nod,
While I sigh for cold Jeanie in vain.
By beauty and scorn I am slain,
The wound it is mortal and deep;
My pulses beat low in each vein,
And threaten eternal sleep.

COLIN.

Come, here are the best cures for thy wounds!
O boy, the cordial bowl,
With soft harmonious sounds!
Wounds! these can cure all wounds,
With soft harmonious sounds,
And pull of the cordial bowl.
O Symon! sink thy care, and tune up thy drooping soul.
Above, the gods beinly bouze,
When round they meet in a ring;
They cast away care and carouse
Their nectar, while they sing.
Then drink and cheerfully sing,
These make the blood circle fine;
Strike up the music,
The safest physic,
Compounded with sparkling wine.

HORACE TO VIRGIL.

O Cyprian goddess! twinkle clear,
And Helen's brithers ay appear;
Ye stars wha shed a lucky light,
Auspicious ay keep in a sight;
King Æol, grant a tydie tirl,
But boast the blasts that rudely whirl;
Dear ship, be canny with your care,
At Athens land my Virgil fair,
Syne soon and safe, baith lith and spaul,
Bring hame the tae haff o' my saul.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
With heart hool'd in three sloughs of brass,
Wha ventur'd first on the rough sea,
With hempen branks, and horse of tree;
Wha in the weak machine durst ride
Thro' tempests and a rairing tide;
Not clinty craigs, nor hurricane
That drives the Adriatic main,
And gars the ocean gowl and quake,
Cou'd e'er a soul sae sturdy shake.
The man wha cou'd sic rubs win o'er,
Without a wink at Death might glowr!
Wha unconcern'd can take his sleep
Amang the monsters of the deep!

Jove vainly twin'd the sea and eard,
Since mariners are not afraid
With laws of nature to dispense,
And impiously treat Providence.
Audacious men at nought will stand,
When vicious passions have command.
Prometheus ventur'd up, and staw
A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha';

Unsony theft, which fevers brought
In bikes, which fowks like sybows hought;
Then Death, erst slaw, began to ling,
And fast as haps to dart his sting.
Neist Dedalus must contradict
Nature forsooth, and feathers stick
Upon his back, syne upward streek,
And in at Jove's high winnocks keek;
While Hercules, wi's timber-mell,
Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.
What is't man winna ettle at?
E'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat!
Tho' Jove be very laith to kill,
They winna let his bowt lye still.

1721.

AN ODE TO MR. F——.

Now gowans sprout, and lavrocks sing,
And welcome west winds warm the spring;
O'er hill and dale they saftly blaw,
And drive the winter's cauld awa.
The ships, lang gyzen'd at the peer,
Now spread their sails, and smoothly steer;
The nags and nowt hate wissen'd strae,
And frisking to the fields they gae;
Nor hinds wi' elson and hemp lingle,
Sit soleing shoon out o'er the ingle.
Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,
That late were clad wi' snaw and frost;
With her gay train the Paphian queen
By moon-light dances on the green;

She leads, while nymphs and graces sing,
And trip around the fairy ring:
Meantime poor Vulcan, hard at thrift,
Gets mony a sair and heavy lift,
Whilst rinnen down, his haff-blind lads
Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.
Now leave your fitsted on the dew,
And busk yersell in habit new;
Be gratefu' to the guiding Pow'rs,
And blythly spend your easy hours!
O kanny F——! tutor time,
And live as lang's ye're in your prime;
That ill-bred Death has nae regard
To king or cottar, or a laird;
As soon a castle he'll attack,
As waus of divots roof'd wi' thack;
Immediately we'll a' take flight,
Unto the mirk realms of night,
As stories gang, with ghaists to roam,
In gloumy Pluto's gousty dome;
Bid fair good-day to pleasure syne
Of bonny lasses and red wine.
Then deem ilk little care a crime,
Dares waste an hour of precious time;
And since our life's sae unco short,
Enjoy it a'; ye've nae mair for 't!

1721.

AN ODE TO THE PH——.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring top,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,

O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There's no nae gowfer to be seen,
Nor dousser fowk wysing a-jee
The byast bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben,
That mutchkin stoup it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a' rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fasheous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wood;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstains thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, "Be quiet,"
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at Fortune's feckless powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she keap ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred!" she'll smiling say,
"Ye'll worry me, you greedy rook,"
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant!

1728.

A BALLAD ON BONNY KATE.

Cease, poets, your cunning devising
Of rhymes that low beauties o'er-rate;
They all, like the stars at the rising
Of Phœbus, must yield to fair Kate.

We sing, and we think it our duty
To admire the kind blessings of Fate,
That has favour'd the earth with such beauty,
As shines so divinely in Kate.

In her smiles, in her features, and glances,
The graces shine forth in full state,
While the god of love dang'rously dances
On the neck and white bosom of Kate.

How straight, how well-turn'd, and genteel, are
Her limbs! and how graceful her gait!
Their hearts made of stone or of steel are,
That are not adorers of Kate.

But ah! what a sad palpitation
Feels the heart, and how simple and blate
Must he look, almost dead with vexation,
Whose love is fixt hopeless on Kate?

Had I all the charms of Adonis,
And galeons freighted with plate,
As Solomon wise, I'd think none is,
So worthy of all as dear Kate.

Ah! had she for me the same passion,
I'd tune the lyre early and late;

The sage's song on his Circassian
Should yield to my sonnets on Kate.

His pleasure each moment shall blossom
Unfading, gets her for his mate;
He'll grasp ev'ry bliss in his bosom,
That's linked by Hymen to Kate.

Pale Envy may raise up false stories,
And Hell may prompt malice and hate;
But nothing shall sully their glories,
Who are shielded with virtue like Kate.

"This name," say ye, "many a lass has,
"And t' apply it may raise a debate;"
But sure he as dull as an ass is,
That cannot join Cochran to Kate.

TO DR. J. C.

WHO GOT THE FOREGOING TO GIVE THE YOUNG LADY

Here, happy Doctor, take this sonnet;
Bear to the fair the faithful strains;
Bow, make a leg, and d' off your bonnet;
And get a kiss for Allan's pains.

For such a ravishing reward,
The Cloud-compeller's self would try
To imitate a British bard,
And bear his ballads from the sky.

AN ODE ON DRINKING.

HENCE every thing that can
Disturb the quiet of man!
Be blyth, my soul,
In a full bowl
Drown thy care,
And repair
The vital stream.
Since life's a dream,
Let wine abound,
And healths go round,
We'll sleep more sound;
And let the dull unthinking mob pursue
Each endless wish, and still their care renew.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me:
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pity'd all beneath the skies,
E'en kings, when she was nigh me;

In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL. (1)

The lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth
To press 'em with his hand:
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

(1) [* "The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it from the last John, Earl of Loudoun. The then Earl of Loudoun, father to Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudoun, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near New-Mills, at a place called Patie's mill, they were struck by the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His Lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudoun castle, and at dinner produced this identical song."—*Burns.*]

O had I all the wealth
Hopeton's high mountains (1) fill,
Insur'd lang life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Shou'd share the same wi' me.

YE WATCHFUL GUARDIANS OF THE FAIR.

Ye watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Delia take a care,
And represent her lover,
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love, and truth;
Till I return her passions sooth,
For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her;
Tell her for me she was design'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more plenty in my mind
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools run an eternal round,

(1) Thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh, where the Earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are.

In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms espy
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd-for pleasure, when come nigh,
Proves nothing in fruition:

But cast into a mould divine,
Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
Which yields a constant treasure.
Let poets in sublimest lays
Employ their skill her fame to raise;
Let sons of music pass whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds, to please her.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow:

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sang his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung:—Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing,
Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Madia in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour:—
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

NANNY-O.

While some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais (1) and the bagnio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth
Kiss and caress my Nanny-O.
She bids more fair to engage a Jove,
Than Leda did or Danae-O: (2)
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None else should sit but Nanny-O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely-O.
I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely-O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the blest Britannio,
None's happiness I shall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

(1) A famous Corinthian courtezan.
(2) Two beauties to whom Jove made love; to one in the figure of a swan, to the other in a golden shower.

CHORUS.

My bonny bonny Nanny-O.
My loving charming Nanny-O.
I care not tho' the world do know
How dearly I love Nanny-O.

BONNY JEAN.

Love's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
Said, "Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let the shaft at random rove,
For Jenny's haughty heart must bleed."
The smiling boy, with divine art,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew unerring to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willie's kind address;
Her yielding blushes show no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jeanie is turn'd kind.

Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which, e'en in summer, shorten'd seems;
When sunk in down, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen:
With breaking day he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with scars!
These are the noblest hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars.
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand Cupids play,
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since your return, the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may pursue the chase;
And after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day,
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
And signs of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above.
Next day, with glad consent and haste,
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine,
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

THE PENITENT.

TUNE—"*The lass of Livingstone.*"

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear,

The gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth,
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth;
And thus she sung, and thus she sung:

Blest days, when our ingenious sex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return, wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cause to mourn, or cause to mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,
Yet still thought shame, yet still thought shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame, to own my flame?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem'd too coy, and seem'd too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My slighted joy, my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire, own your desire,
While love's young power with his soft wing
Fans up the fire, fans up the fire.
O do not with a silly pride,
Or low design, or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain, but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes;

Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With sweet surprise, with sweet surprise:
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd, his mind unchang'd—
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd.

LOVE'S CURE.

TUNE—"*Peggy, I must love thee.*"

As from a rock past all relief,
The shipwreck'd Colin spying
His native home, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves and dying;
With the next morning sun he spies
A ship which gives unhop'd surprise,
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion:

So when, by her whom I long lov'd,
I scorn'd was and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying:

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose,
Why shou'd we happy minutes lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeded to my fear,
False Betty's charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.(1)

O, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
They are twa bonny lasses,

(1) [* "Ramsay has here converted into a very pretty and sprightly song, what was originally a very rude but pathetic little ballad. The story upon which that ballad was founded, has often been told. The common tradition is, that Bessy Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Perth, and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. Bessy Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, was on a visit to Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lynedoch, (now the seat of Lord Lynedoch), when the plague of 1666 broke out in the country. To avoid the infection, the two young ladies built themselves a bower in a very retired and romantic spot called the Burn-braes about three quarters of a mile west from Lynedoch House, where they resided for some time—supplied with food, it is said, by a young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with them both. The disease was unfortunately communicated to them by their lover, and proved fatal. According to custom, in cases of the plague, they were not buried in the ordinary place of sepulture, but in a secluded spot, called the Dronach Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, upon the bank of the river Almond. As the ballad says—

'They thocht to lie in Methven kirk,
Amang their noble kin;
But they maun lie on Lynedoch-brae,
To beak forenent the sun.'

They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theck'd it o'er with rashes:
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fou genty,
With ilka grace she can command,
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her eyes like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean red up and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us,
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

Some tasteful person, in modern times, has fashioned a sort of bower over the spot where the two ill-starred beauties were interred."—*Chambers.*]

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress, in her tartan screen,
Fou' bonny, braw, and sweet my jo.
My dear, (quoth I,) thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill;
Since ye're out of your mother's sight,
Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.(1)

O Katy! wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gawn to smile;

(1) [* "The Old Town of Edinburgh, now so degraded, but formerly a place of the highest fashion, is the locality of this fine song, of which the first verse contains a picture of certain customs which obtained a century ago in the capital of Scotland, but are now totally forgotten by all except the antiquary. A young country gentleman, walking up the High Street in the evening, encounters his mistress, no doubt a young lady of good birth as well as breeding, and recognises her even under the tartan garment, then used by all sorts of women as a veil, and against which, as affording peculiar facilities for intrigue, the whole vengeance of the town-council and the kirk-session had been directed in vain. He solicits her to walk with him up to *the hill*—the abbreviated popular phrase for the esplanade in front of Edinburgh castle, which was then the only promenade at the command of the citizens, and a favourite place among lovers for nocturnal assignations. In their walk along the Castle Hill, he takes advantage of the situation to depict the delights of a summer residence in the country, which, in all its poetical and sunshine beauty, may be supposed to have contrasted strongly with the darksomeness and din of the city beneath, and therefore to have disposed the young lady very favourably to his suit.

It is quite as remarkable as it is true, that the mode of courtship among people of the middle ranks in Edinburgh has undergone a complete change in the course of no more than the last thirty years. It used to be customary for lovers to walk together for hours, both during the day and the evening, in the Meadows or the King's Park, or the fields now occupied by the New Town; practices now only known to artizans and serving-girls."—*Chambers.*]

The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Does bend his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burnside and play,
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow.
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks has form'd a bower:
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cawler shade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATY'S ANSWER.(1)

My mither's ay glowran o'er me
Tho' she did the same before me,

(1) [* "This song is a felicitous and natural expression of every-day feeling; but it lacks that luxuriant warmth of fancy that sheds a poetic glow over the young laird's address. The maiden is too prosaic: she looks as if she had chanted her answer while under the chilling influence of her 'Mither's glowre.' Ramsay, indeed, does not often give us that pure extract of the heart which old Daniel mentions as constituting the very soul of poesy; for he writes not so much from the overflowings of a wayward and sprightly fancy as from the treasured riches of a retentive memory, and an acute observation of his fellow men and of social man-

I canna get leave
To look to my love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher,
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of siller and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And sae we hae need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOTT.

Happy's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of heav'n relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,

ners: he is, in short, the poet of mind rather than of nature, and delineates always with a correct and lively, and sometimes with a satiric and humorous pen, the thoughts, and feelings, and conceptions which are peculiar to youthful and amorous spirits."—*Cunningham.*]

Did you there see, mark'd for my marrow,
Mary Scott. the flower of Yarrow.

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above must share,
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O, lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile;
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears! I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
She is too good to let me languish.
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

O'ER BOGIE.

I WILL awa wi' my love,
I will awa wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae,
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
Awa wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa, &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
And worthy of my hand,
And well I wat we shanna part,
For siller or for land.
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I will awa, &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, traits, and air,
The saul that sparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare;
Her flowing wit gives shining life
To a' her other charms;
How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
And lockt up in my arms.
I will awa, &c.

There blythely will I rant and sing,
While o'er her sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,
Shamefa' them that wad change.
A kiss of Betty and a smile,
Ab'eet ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
And offer me your crown.
I will awa, &c.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE.

And I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
Her wit and sweetness call me,

Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befall me:
If she love mirth I'll learn to sing;
Or likes the nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
And invocate Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
If to the softer dance inclin'd
With gayest airs I'll charm her;
If she love grandeur, day and night
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's sight,
And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
Where wit is corresponding,
And bravest men know best to please,
With complaisance abounding.
My bonny Maggy's love can turn
Me to what shape she pleases,
If in her breast that flame shall burn,
Which in my bosom bleezes.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

JONNY.

Tho' for seven years and mair honour should reave me
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;
For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented,
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee! I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O Jonny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought in the warld wad vex my heart sairer,
If you prove inconstant, and fancy ane fairer,
Grieve me, grieve me! Oh it wad grieve me,
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress thee,
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye:
Your blooming saft beauties first beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it flame ay the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee! I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I'll frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove fa'se, to ye'rsell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid icicles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid Britons think ae gate; and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee! I'll never leave thee,
The stars shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.(1)

At Polwart on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do conveen
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome ye shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete—
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the sna',
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With sangs and dancing keen,
We'll pass the heartsome day:
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,

(1) [* Polwarth is a small primitive-looking parish-village in the centre of Berwickshire, with a green, in the centre of which three thorns grow within a little enclosure. These trees are the successors of one aged thorn, which after keeping its place there for centuries, was blown down some years ago. It was formerly the custom of the villagers, who are a simple race, and were formerly vassals to the Earl of Marchmont, whose seat is in the neighbourhood, to dance round this venerable tree at weddings; which they are said to have done in consequence of a romantic incident in the history of the noble family just mentioned.]

Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, O hey! maun I still live pining
Mysell thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover.

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger,
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good morrow;
The sward of the mead enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter:
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eyes set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

GENTY TIBBY AND SONSY NELLY.

Tibby has a store of charms,
Her genty shape our fancy warms,
How starkly can her sma' white arms
  Fetter the lad wha looks but at her;
Frae ancle to her slender waist,
  These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
Her rosie cheek and rising breast
  Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fou' o' water.

Nelly's gawsy, saft and gay,
Fresh as the lucken flowers in May,
Ilk ane that sees her cries, Ah hey!
  She's bonny, O I wonder at her!
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
  And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her,
Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
  Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyzen with the maiden shore, (1)
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
  When these twa stars appear the gither.
O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
  Sae large, while we're oblig'd to nither
Our spacious sauls' immense desires,
  And ay be in a hankerin swither;

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine;

(1) Divide my windpipe with the maiden.—The maiden was an engine for beheading, formerly used in Scotland; it was of a construction similar to that of the guillotine.

But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods! give ear to my petition,
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect plano and fruition.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light;
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France;
Up in the air,
On my bonny grey mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna'
O'er frozen hags like a footba';
Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit;
The man i' the moon
Is carousing aboon,
D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glass to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir hales the spleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently puff the lover's fire,
Up in the air,
It drives away care.

Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet,
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,
Come, Willy, gi'e 's about ye'r toast;
Tilt it, lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythsome bowt;
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair;
Huzza! huzza! and huzza! lads, yet,
Up wi't, &c.

TO MRS. E. C.

"NOW PHŒBUS ADVANCES ON HIGH."

Now Phœbus advances on high,
No footsteps of winter are seen;
The birds carol sweet in the sky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Thro' groves, and by rivulets clear,
We wander for pleasure and health;
Where buddings and blossoms appear,
Giving prospects of joy and of wealth.

View every gay scene all around,
That are, and that promise to be;
Yet in them all nothing is found
So perfect, Eliza, as thee.

Thine eyes the clear fountains excel;
Thy locks they out-rival the grove;

When zephyrs these pleasingly swell,
Each wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lilies combin'd,
And flowers of most delicate hue,
By thy cheek and thy breasts are out-shin'd,
Their tinctures are nothing so true.

What can we compare with thy voice,
And what with thy humour so sweet?
No music can bless with such joys;
Sure angels are just so complete.

Fair blossom of every delight,
Whose beauties ten thousands outshine,
Thy sweets shall be lastingly bright,
Being mixt with so many divine.

Ye powers! who have given such charms
To Eliza, your image below,
O save her from all human harms,
And make her hours happily flow.

TO CALISTA.

"SHE SUNG; THE YOUTH ATTENTION GAVE."

She sung; the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms espies,
Then, all in raptures, falls a slave
Both to her voice and eyes!
So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid,
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,

That in Circassia's vineyards stray'd,
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert
Strave to enchant the amorous king,
But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal hand to sing.
Calista thus our sang inspires,
And claims the smooth and highest lays;
But while each charm our bosom fires,
Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in every grace complete,
To paint, surpasses human skill;
Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,
Let seraphs sing her if they will:
Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a sister of the sky,
To whom an adoration's due.

GIVE ME A LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.(1)

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang the gither;

(1) [* "If it were necessary to produce an example of the freshness, vividness, and rich humour of Allan Ramsay, and of his power of saying much in small compass, I would instance the "Lass with a Lump of Land." It is one of the best of the kind in the language, and presents an emanation of life and spirit which will never be old while pleasure and power are matters to be purchased: gold and silver will always, in spite of health and beauty, be considered a sweet complexion. The song has hardly obtained the fame it deserves; Burns has left it unnoticed, while he illustrates with criticism and anecdote many inferior lyrics. But Burns held strange opinions sometimes in matters of taste—he admired Peter Pindar, and preferred Ferguson to Ramsay. The sympathy excited by Ferguson's unhappy death, and the wild and uncontrollable career

Tho' daft or wise I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it maks nae whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a shilling;
But she that 's rich her market 's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Shou'd love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And siller and gowd 's a sweet complexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection.
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;
And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
But well-tocher'd lassies, or jointur'd widows.

LOCHABER NO MORE.(1)

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;

which hastened it, might have their share in influencing this opinion; but still it is his opinion, and he never recalled it. Like many other songs, 'The Lass with a Lump of Land' was preceded by another whose attractions were of a more gross and sensual nature."—*Cunningham.*]

(1) [* "The sweetness of the air and the beauty of the verses," says Allan Cunningham, "have rendered this one of the most popular of our

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear,
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They 'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse!
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse;
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Scottish songs. An earlier song of the same name once existed, it is imagined, but I never had the fortune to meet with it, either entire or in fragments. I have never heard who the hero of 'Lochaber no more' was, nor who was the Jeany whose beauty had made such an impression on the martial adventurer. It was seldom that Ramsay went northward for subjects—his heart seems not to have been with the highlands; and this renders it more likely that he raised this elegant superstructure of verse on the foundation of some ancient song."]

VIRTUE AND WIT:

THE PRESERVATIVE OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Confess thy love, fair blushing maid;
For since thine eyes consenting,
Thy safter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And naysays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
With words thy wish denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reason allows complying.

Nature and reason's joint consent
Make love a sacred blessing;
Then happily that time is spent,
That's war'd on kind caressing.
Come then, my Katie, to my arms,
I'll be na mair a rover,
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you design by nature's law,
Is fleeting inclination;
That willy-whip bewilds us a'
By its infatuation:
When that gaes out, caresses tire,
And love's nae mair in season;
Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
With all our boasted reason.

HE.

The beauties of inferior cast
May start this just reflection;

But charms like thine maun always last,
Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit, like April rays,
Make beauty rise the sweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow completer.

ADIEU FOR A WHILE MY NATIVE GREEN PLAINS.

HE.

Adieu for a while my native green plains,
My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains;
Dear Nelly, frae these I'd start easily free,
Were minutes not ages while absent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reason thou dost not obey
The pleading of love, but thus hurries away;
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover sae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reason unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an estate;
Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then Johny, be counsell'd nae langer to stray;
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

HE.

Cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondness, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness ye streams, and witness ye flow'rs,
Bear witness ye watchful invisible pow'rs,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May nothing propitious e'er smile upon me.

AND I'LL AWA' TO BONNY TWEED-SIDE.

And I'll awa'
To bonny Tweed-side,
And see my deary come throw,
And he sall be mine,
Gif sae he incline,
For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair,
I'll make it my care
To secure mysell in a jo;
I'm no sic a fool,
To let my blood cool,
And syne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly persuade,
Tho' blushing, I daftly say no;
Gae on with your strain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow;
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious,
That beauties upon us bestow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be set up for a show.

'Tis carry'd by votes,
Come kilt up your coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go;
Where she that's bonny
May catch a Johny,
And never lead apes below.

THE WIDOW.

The widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
And mony braw things the widow can do,
Then have at the widow, my laddie:
With courage attack her baith early and late;
To kiss her and clap her ye manna be blate:
Speak well, and do better; for that's the best gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never a hair
The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair
Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow the bonniest toast in the town,
With nathing but draw in your stool and sit down,
And sport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, and kill her with courtesy dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald;
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

THE STEP-DAUGHTER'S RELIEF.

I WAS anes a well-tocher'd lass,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
My step-dame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine,
While hungry, half naked, and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine.

But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny lass tenderly,
I'll take thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yoursell that I want;
Your kindness is better to me
Than a' that your step-mother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the sprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard:
Ye shall have naithing to fash ye;
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiss,
Consented;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
And now she sits blythly singan,
And joking her drunken step-dame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

BONNY CHIRSTY.(1)

How sweetly smells the simmer green!
Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Chirsty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
I'm wrapt in admiration,
My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman;

(1) [* "The heroine of the song was Miss Christian Dundas, daughter of Sir James Dundas of Arniston, and married to Charles Areskine of Alva, (who was born in 1643, and knighted in 1666). She was the mother of Sir Charles Areskine of Alva, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland for some years previous to his death in 1763. As her son was born in 1680, we may conjecture that this lady flourished as 'Bonny Chirsty' a good while before Ramsay's time; but the poet, who might have written the song in compliment to charms which, though then faded, were still celebrated, is known, from the 'Orpheus Caledonius,' to have only substituted it for an older song, now lost. A portrait of Lady Areskine, exhibiting such a degree of beauty and grace as fully to justify her common title of Bonny Chirsty, is still in the possession of her descendants."]—*Chambers.*

But dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother,
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chirsty did o'erhear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But, ere he wist, drew near him.
She spake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chirsty!—witness, bonny stream,
Sic joys frae tears arising!
I wish this may not be a dream;
O love the maist surprising!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wishes
He wad na with set speeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on kisses.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady:
My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is steady,
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Syne frae all my care ye'll presently free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O! soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

THE BONNY SCOT.

TUNE—"*The Boatman.*"

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny boatman,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scotman.
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While parents rate
A large estate,
Before a faithful lover.

But I lure chuse in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat—man,
Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
Refuse my bonny Scotman.
Wae worth the man
Wha first began
The base ungenerous fashion,
Frae greedy views,
Love's art to use,
While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie,
Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hawse thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haste on board;
Fair winds and tenty boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

When innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae these een,
That look with indifference on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new gown, or a Flanders-lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, tho' never sae fine,

Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer your fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sanny,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at these bennisons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
That slade away saftly between thee and me,
Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love, and impose upon thee.
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to centre in thee.

THE BOB OF DUNBLANE.

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.
Haste ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;

Consider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again;
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.
The dinner, the piper, and priest, shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naithing can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lavrocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare no to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddess o'er the green:
Were I a king thou shou'd be queen,
Nane but myself aboon thee.
An thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy, or the vine,

Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay,
O let na scorn undo thee.
An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it:
'Tis proof a shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet or bonny:
Receive it then with a kiss and smily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile thee.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain;

Tho kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane thro' flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks, lest they should wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin:
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely;
O say yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy;
How much unlike that gracefu' mien
And manly looks of my Highland laddie!
O my bonny, bonny Highland laddie!
My handsome, charming Highland laddie!
May heaven still guard, and love reward,
Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie!

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrows town,
In a' his airs with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and silken bed
May please a Lawland laird and lady,
But I can kiss and be as glad
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

THE COALIER'S DAUGHTER.

The coalier has a daughter,
And O she's wonder bonny!
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money.
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover;
But love is like the ocean;
Wha can its depths discover?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The coalier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
Ay sweet and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession;
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her,
In saftest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny coalier's daughter,
Let naithing discompose ye,
'Tis not your scanty tocher
Shall ever make me lose ye;
For I have gear in plenty,
And love says, 'tis my duty
To wear what heaven has lent me
Upon your wit and beauty.

THE MILL, MILL-O.

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid
Was sleeping sound and still-O,
A' lowing wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good will-O:

Her bosom I press'd, but, sunk in her rest,
She stir'd na my joy to spill-O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill-O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and skill-O,
Frae 'er quietly I staw, hois'd sails and awa,
For wind blew fair on the hill-O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-frasing fame
Tald me with a voice right shrill-O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool, (1)
Nor kend wha'd done her the ill-O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
I ferlying speer'd how she fell-O:
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell-O.
Love gae the command, I took her by the hand,
And bad her a' fears expel-O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed mysell-O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shilling-hill-O; (2)
If I did offence, I'se make ye amends,
Before I leave Peggy's mill-O.
O! the mill, mill-O, and the kill, kill-O,
And the cogging of the wheel-O,
The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
And round with a soger reel-O.

(1) Of repentance.
(2) Where they winnow the chaff from the corn.

COLIN AND GRISY PARTING.

With broken words and downcast eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his passion tender,
And parting with his Grisy, cries,
Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder,
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You 'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we sunder.

Ye gods! take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again and never sunder.

TO L. L. IN MOURNING.

TUNE—"*Where Helen lies.*"

AH! why those tears in Nelly's eyes?
To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
The gods stand list'ning from the skies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or some divinity.

O! be less graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy severe and blind,
Wounded I sigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to rise
To such a height by Hymen's ties,
To lay me down where Helen lies,
And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love and die,
When such a sov'reign cure is by?
No, she can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be.
Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes;
With those dear agents I'll advise,
They tell the truth, when tongues tell lies
The least believ'd by me.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

MUSIC BY L. BOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE Jonny faintly tald fair Jean his mind;
Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang;
He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind,
Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

AIR.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,
That I'm despis'd by thee,
I hate to live; but O! I'm wae
And unko sweer to die.
Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
I thole by your disdain;
Ah! shou'd a breast sae saft as yours
Contain a heart of stane?

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move;
With melting heart she listen'd to the boy;
O'ercome, she smil'd, and promis'd him her love;
He in return thus sang his rising joy.

AIR.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care!
Ye've tint the power to pine;
My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
And a' her sweets are mine.
O! spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
Of dear enchanting bliss,

A thousand joys around thy mouth,
Gi'e heaven with ilka kiss.

THE TOAST.

Come, let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull! here t' ye, Sir;
Ye'r mistress, Robie, gi'e 's her;
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye;
Sweet is she to me:
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her,
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
Come let's join our glasses,
And refresh our hauses
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their cash be clinking,
Be statesmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking
Give our cares the lie.

A SOUTH-SEA SANG.

TUNE—"*For our lang biding here.*"

WHEN we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpings here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In rising stocks to buy a skair:
We daftly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin paid right dear;
The lave will fare the waur in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purses toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa,'
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom,
Girn'd at stock-jobbing ane and a'.
If we gang near the South-Sea house,
The whillywhas will grip ye'r gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the waur,
For our lang biding here.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL! thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain,
When night returns I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms;
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms:
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.
O! turn and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its laws to slight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the powers of love agree
At length to make thee mine;
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From every charm of thine.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.(1)

Gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then lads and lasses while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,

(1) [* "Connected with this song, which few readers will require to be informed is a paraphrase, and a very happy one, of the celebrated 'Vides ut alta' of Horace, the following anecdote may be told:—In a large mixed company which had assembled one night in the house of a citizen of Edinburgh, where Robert Burns happened to be present, somebody sung, 'Gin ye meet a bonnie Lassie,' with excellent effect, insomuch as to throw all present into a sort of rapture. The only exception lay with a stiff pedantic old schoolmaster, who in all the consciousness of superior critical acumen, and determined to be pleased with nothing which was not strictly classical, sat erect in his chair, with a countenance full of disdain, and rigidly abstained from expressing the slightest symptom of satisfaction. 'What ails *you* at the sang, Mr. ——?' inquired an honest citizen of the name of Boog, who had been particularly delighted with it. 'Oh, nothing, answered the man of learning; 'only the whole of it is stolen from Horace.'—'Houts man,' replied Mr Boog, 'Horace has rather stown from the auld sang.'—This ludicrous observation was met with absolute shouts of laughter, the whole of which was at the expense of the discomfited critic; and Burns was pleased to express his hearty thanks to the citizen for having set the matter to rights. He seems from a passage in Cromek's Reliques, to have afterwards made use of the observation as his own."—*Chambers.*]

And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say,
"Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook."
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen na-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant:
Then surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

THE CORDIAL.

HE.

WHERE wad bonny Anne ly?
Alane ye nae mair man ly:
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're laking?

SHE.

Can a lass sae young as I
Venture on the bridal tye,
Syne down with a goodman ly?
I'm fleed he'd keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I should wauking ly,
When the hautboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my bosom thou shalt ly,
When thou waukrife art or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman ly,
Wha can a cordial gi' me.

ALLAN WATER.

What numbers shall the muse repeat,
What verse be found to praise my Annie?
On her ten thousand graces wait,
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trod the happy plain,
She set each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths conveen,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All night when she no more is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many.
With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
Alas! your love must be deny'd,
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
He stole away my virgin heart;
Cease poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

O MARY! THY GRACES AND GLANCES.

O Mary! thy graces and glances,
Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour display.
But say not thou 'lt imitate angels
Ought farrer, tho' scarcely (ah me!)
Can be found equalizing thy merit,
A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
May warm up ten thousand to love,
Who, despairing, may fly to some other,
While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
What a mixture of sighing and joys
This distant adoring of thee
Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
Who loves in sad silence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure;
And shipwreck'd on landscapes on shore:
Be still more divine and have pity;
I die soon as hope is no more.
For, Mary, my soul is thy captive,
Nor loves nor expects to be free;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
Thy slavery's a pleasure to me.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.(1)

'This is no mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't:
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.

(1) [* "Had Ramsay adhered more closely to the idea which the old song supplies, I think he would have composed a song much superior to this. But there can be no doubt that Allan shared largely in that amiable vanity which makes a man contented with his own productions. Burns has preserved some of the old verses, and more might be added. I like the picture of rustic abundance which the first verse contains, and the rude and motherly kindness of the second:

O this is no my ain house,
My ain house, my ain house;
This is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't.
There's bread an' cheese in my door cheeks,
My door cheeks, my door cheeks;
There's bread an' cheese in my door cheeks,
And pancakes on the riggin o't.

But wow! this is my ain wean,
My ain wean, my ain wean;
But wow! this is my ain wean,
I ken by the greetie o't.
I'll take the curchie aff my head,
Aff my head, aff my head;
I'll take the curchie aff my head,
And row't about the feetie o't.

The tune is a popular hornpipe air, to which all the youth of Nithsdale have danced, under the name of 'Shaun truish Williighan.' It is of course of Highland descent."—*Cunningham.*]

When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

MY DADDY FORBAD, MY MINNY FORBAD.

When I think on my lad,
I sigh and am sad,
For now he is far frae me:
My daddy was harsh,
My minny was warse,
That gart him gae yont the sea:
Without an estate,
That made him look blate,
And yet a brave lad is he:
Gin safe he come hame,
In spite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice
Of parents o'erwise,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon cash
As naithing but trash,

That shackles what should be free.
And tho' my dear lad
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he,
Abeit I'm an heiress,
I think it but fair is
To love him, since he loves me.

Then my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find
Nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth sight of thee.
Tho' my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For since thou alone
My favour hast won,
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee:
Be content with a heart
That can never desert,
Till they cease to oppose or be.
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they see;
Then I with pleasure
Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.

STEER HER UP AND HAUD HER GAWN.

O STEER her up and haud her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
But gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
Cast thy cares of love away;
Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,
How invitingly it looks!
Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
Let's have pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Place't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou as ever it can hold;
O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

Have you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders:
As scant of siller as of grace,
Disbanded, we've a bad run;
Gae tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single flea
For any man's resentment:
For, lady fair, tho' I appear
To every ane a tinkler,
Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a swan
Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran
To carry off Europa:
Then may not I as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinkler?
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.

Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinkler under tack,
That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

THE MALTMAN. (1)

The maltman comes on Monday,
He craves wonder sair,
Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my siller,
Or malt ye sall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him some good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hostler wives should do.

When maltmen come for siller,
And gaugers with wands o'er soon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The snackest of a' my kin.

(1) [* "The genuine pithy humour of this clever song is in Ramsay's best manner; the air is reckoned very old, and an air in those days (when sounds were unwelcome which conveyed no meaning) seldom went out unattired with words. This ready-witted landlady seems to have been a descendant or a friend of the far-famed wife of Whittlecock-pen, in whose praise some old minstrel has sung with less delicacy than humour. They arranged the payment of their debts and entertained their visitors in the same agreeable way. Even the manner in which she proposes to charm the gauger is hereditary in her family; and a similar spirit of good will and accommodation also belongs to the 'kind lady,' the owner, perhaps, of the house. I have heard this song often making wall and rafter ring again, when the liquor was plenty and the ways weary, on the night of a summer fair."—*Cunningham.*]

The maltman is right cunning,
But I can be as slee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears scores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll answer a bill for me.

BONNY BESSY.

Bessy's beauties shine sae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in transport make me view her.
Bonny Bessy, thee alane
Love I, naithing else about thee;
With thy comeliness I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's bosom's saft and warm,
Milk-white fingers still employ'd;
He who takes her to his arm,
Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear Bessy, when the roses
Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
Yet her face and saul discovers
These enchanting sweets in plenty
Must entice a thousand lovers.

It's not money, but a woman
Of a temper kind and easy,
That gives happiness uncommon;
Petted things can nought but teez ye.

THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

Swift, Sandy,(1) Young, and Gay,
Are still my heart's delight,
I sing their sangs by day,
And read their tales at night.
If frae their books I be,
'Tis dulness then with me;
But when these stars appear,
Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift, with uncommon style,
And wit that flows with ease,
Instructs us with a smile,
And never fails to please.
Bright Sandy greatly sings
Of heroes, gods, and kings;
He well deserves the bays,
And ev'ry Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines;
Young, with Horacian flame,
Corrects these false designs
We push in love of fame.
Blyth Gay, in pawky strains,
Makes villains, clowns, and swains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Those in a higher sphere.

(1) [* Alexander Pope.]

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Lang may you give delight;
Let all the dunces bray,
You're far above their spite!
Such, from a malice sour,
Write nonsense lame and poor,
Which never can succeed,
For who the trash will read?

THE COMPLAINT.

"WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE."

When absent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;
But whilst I strive these to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear:
My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
Fairer and fairer represents
Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,
And, sighing, hear from every tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy compared with lonely me.
When gentle sleep with balmy wings
To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thousand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting smiles and killing air,
Appears the cause of all my pain.

A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy,
Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er transport and desire,
My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myself I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
I scarcely look or move a man.

THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CROFT.

The carle he came o'er the croft,
And his beard new shaven,
He look'd at me as he'd been daft,
The carle trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa! I winna hae him,
Na forsooth I winna hae him,
For a' his beard's new shaven,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A siller broach he gae me neist,
To fasten on my curtchea nooked;
I wor't a wee upon my breast,
But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And sae may his: I winna hae him,
Na forsooth I winna hae him;
Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest;
Sae ony fool for we may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane,
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But waes me for him! skin and bane
Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
Howt awa! I winna hae him,
Na forsooth I winna hae him;
What signifies his dirty riggs
And cash, without a man with them?

But shou'd my canker'd daddy gar
Me take him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their station.
Howt awa! I winna hae him,
Na forsooth I winna hae him;
I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
Sae Lawty says I shou'd na hae him.

O MITHER DEAR! I 'GIN TO FEAR.

CHORUS.

Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fear me;
I'm laith to ly a' night my lane,
And Johny's bed sae near me.

O mither dear! I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep
I start and dream of Johny.
When Johny then comes down the glen
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi'e your consent,
For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry than miscarry,
For shame and skaith's the clink o't;
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa bide to think o't:
Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With hainches fow, and een sae blue,
To a' the bedrals bindging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town,
Alake! how can she mend it!
Now Tam man face the minister,
And she man mount the pillar;
And that's the way that they man gae,
For poor folk has na siller.

Now ha'd ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
Replied the kindly mither;
Get Johny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap ye'r wealth together.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part discreetly,
And prove a wife will gar his life
And barrel run right sweetly.

A SONG.

TUNE—*Busk ye, my Bonny Bride.*

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk, and go to the braes of Yarrow;

There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while lavrocks sing the morning;
There learn frae turtles to prove true:
O Bell! ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee:
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
Sae proud they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty smiling Highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
  Wha makes their cheeks with patches motie,
I'd tak my Katie but a gown,
  Barefooted, in her little coatie.
    O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
  Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
  My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
    O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,
  With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
  To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
    O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
  'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
  Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
    O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
  And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
  While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
    O my bonny, &c.

THE AULD MAN'S BEST ARGUMENT.

O WHA's that at my chamber door?—
  "Fair widow, are ye wawking?"—

Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tawking!
Gi'e me the lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
And bosom of a widow.

"O widow! wilt thou let me in,
I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,
And come of a right gentle kin;
I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft carle, dight your mouth,
What signifies how pawky
Or gentle born ye be; but youth,
In love you're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
That powerfully plead clinkan;
And if they fail my mouth I'll steek,
And nae mair love will think on."
These court indeed, I maun confess,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can express
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

TO MRS. A. C.

"WHEN BEAUTY BLAZES."

When beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the lark, with rising light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount high;
The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
The inspir'd thought, and softest lays,
And kindle in the breast a flame,
Which must be vented in her praise.
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts,
When she appears take the alarm;
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove;
When such enchanting sweetness shines,
The wounded swain must yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such flames the foppish butterfly should shun;
The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lily fair,
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share,
With angels, all that's wise and sweet.
These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains;
Unhappy, if she on him frown.
The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

I HAVE A GREEN PURSE, AND A WEE PICKLE GOWD.

I HAVE a green purse, and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land and planting on't,
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd;
But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't;
To grace it, and trace it,
And gi'e me delight;
To bless me, and kiss me,
And comfort my sight
With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
And nae mair my lane gang saunt'ring on't.

My Christy she's charming, and good as she's fair,
Her e'en and her mouth are enchanting sweet;
She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou fairest, and dearest,
Delight of my mind,
Whose gracious embraces
By heaven were design'd
For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hynds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine:
Thus freed frae high care, while love fills our minds,
Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
Then hear me, and cheer me
With smiling consent,
Believe me, and give me
No cause to lament;
Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say, Content,
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF LORD G. AND LADY K. C.

TUNE—"*The Highland Laddie.*"

BRIGANTIUS.

Now all thy virgin sweets are mine,
And all the shining charms that grace thee;
My fair Melinda, come recline
Upon my breast, while I embrace thee,
And tell, without dissembling art,
My happy raptures on thy bosom:
Thus will I plant within thy heart
A love that shall for ever blossom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave, and bonny!
Sure the gods well-pleas'd behold ye;
Their work admire so great so fair,
And will in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in transport tender,
Since that so brave a man is mine,
To my Brigantius I surrender.
By sacred ties I'm now to move,
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my smiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatness shall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Saft fall thy words, like morning dew
New life on blooming flowers bestowing:
Thus kindly yielding, makes me bow
To heaven, with spirit grateful glowing.
My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,
Shall be employed as thou thinks fit,
As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my Brigantius I could live
In lonely cot beside a mountain,
And Nature's easy wants relieve
With shepherd's fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleases thee, the rural grove,
Or congress of the fair and witty,
Should give me pleasure with thy love,
In plains retir'd, or social city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
O lovely sum of my desires!
Thy beauties all my cares control,
Thy virtue all that's good inspires.

Tune every instrument of sound,
Which all the mind divinely raises,
Till every height and dale rebound,
Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
My happiness is now completed,
Since all that's generous, great, and fine,
In my Brigantius is united;
For which I'll study thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling;
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a constant smiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

JENNY NETTLES.

Saw ye Jenny Nettles;
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles;
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a babie in her oxter?

I met ayont the cairny
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattle's bastard.
To flee the dool upo' the stool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about seeks Robin out,
To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Use Jenny Nettles kindly:
Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
And without mair debate o't,
Take hame your wean, make Jenny fain,
The leel and leesome gate o't.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

For the sake of somebody,
For the sake of somebody,
I cou'd wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody!
I am gawn to seek a wife;
I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have three stane of woo;
Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassie, say't thysell,
Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,

First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte and syne come too!
What signifies a mither's gloom,
When love and kisses come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in simmer make nae hay?
For the sake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
Tho' I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
The haff mark bridal band wi' me:
I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
And steal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,
To do but what my dame has done.
For the sake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely Betty gives
Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
And doubts that gart me aft look blate:
Then let us gang and get the grace,
For they that have an appetite
Shou'd eat; and lovers shou'd embrace;
If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
For the sake, &c.

THE GENEROUS GENTLEMAN.

TUNE—"*The bonny lass of Branksome.*"

As I came in by Tiviot side,
And by the braes of Branksome, (1)
There first I saw my bonny bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome:
Her skin was safter than the down,
And white as alabaster;
Her hair a shining wavy brown;
In straightness nane surpast her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising:
Nae silken hose with gushets fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg forbad to shine,
Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum of a' her claithing;—

(1) [* "Near Branksholm castle, the ancient seat of the Buccleugh family, on the banks of the Teviot, and about two miles from Hawick, 'is a small collection of cottages, one of which, like Branksholm itself, has a poetical history. It was the residence, upwards of a century ago, of a woman named Jean the Ranter, who sold ale, and had, among other children, one daughter of especial beauty. One day, while this bonny lass of Branksholm, as she was called, was spreading clothes upon the banks of the Teviot, she was seen by a young military officer named Maitland, who immediately fell so deeply in love with her, that he was induced to make her his wife. By this alliance, which was considered so extraordinary in those days as to be partly attributed to witchcraft on the part of her mother, the bonny lass became the progenitrix of a family of gentry in Mid-Lothian.'"—*Picture of Scotland.*]

Even these o'er mickle;—mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naithing.
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my saul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And but designing, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, close to my breast
I grasp'd this fund of blisses;
Wha smil'd, and said, without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I couldna want her;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I should grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighted her my faith and troth,
And a young lady made her.

THE COCK LAIRD. (1)

A cock laird fou cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,—
He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.

(1) [* Cock laird—a proprietor of a very small piece of land.]

Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thouse be my ane leman,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye maunna fail,
To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he;
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae pinners
With pearling set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a wastcoat of brown.
Awa with sic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a-year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit bear:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny!
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants
Will sell ye on tick;
For we maun hae braw things,
Albeit they soud break.

When broken, frae care
The fools are set free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, (1) quoth she.

LET MEANER BEAUTIES USE THEIR ART.

Let meaner beauties use their art,
And range both Indies for their dress;
Our fair can captivate the heart,
In native weeds, nor look the less.
More bright unborrow'd beauties shine,
The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkles with lustres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph, on scorching plains,
May use the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian stains
Features of ruder form and taint:
What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woollen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dress may lovers cool,

(1) [* "An *abbey laird* is a jocular term for a person who has taken the benefit of the sanctuary of Holyrood House at Edinburgh, for debt. — *Chambers.*]

But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, silk, or wool.
T' adore Myrtilla who can cease?
Her active charms our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece
Spun by her own delightful hand.

Who can behold Calista's eyes,
Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
And mind what artists can devise
To rival more superior charms?
Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
Lawns, satins, and the velvets fade,
The soul, with her attractions full
Can never be by these betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native sweets,
Not the false glare of dress regards,
Her wit her character completes,
Her smile her lover's sighs rewards.
When such first beauties lead the way,
The inferior rank will follow soon;
Then arts no longer shall decay,
But trade encouraged be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
And flax that on the vallies blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love
And bless the labours of our looms.
We have enough, nor want from them
But trifles hardly worth our care;
Yet for these trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to spare.

How happy's Scotland in her fair!
Her amiable daughters shall,

By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recall:
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miss a court; but soon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
And lazy pride to useful arts,
When such dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Blest guardians of our joys and wealth!
True fountains of delight and love!
Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
Till, tir'd with earth, you mount above.

SATIRIC POEMS.

SATIRIC POEMS.

1721.

LUCKY SPENCE'S LAST ADVICE.(1)

THREE times the carline grain'd and rifted,
Then frae the cod her pow she lifted,
In bawdy policy well-gifted,
When she now fan,
That Death nae longer wad be shifted,
She thus began:—

"My loving lassies, I maun leave ye;
But dinna wi' your greeting grieve me,
Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me,
But bring's a gill;
For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,
'Tis 'gainst my will!

"O black-ey'd Bess, and mim-mou'd (2) Meg,—
O'er guid to work, or yet to beg,—

(1) Lucky Spence, a famous bawd, who flourished for several years about the beginning of the eighteenth century. She had her lodgings near Holyrood House. She made many a benefit-night to herself by putting a trade into the hands of young lasses that had a little pertness, strong passions, abundance of laziness and no forethought. [* See vol. i. page 56.]

(2) Expresses an affected modesty, by a preciseness about the mouth.

Lay sunkets up for a sair leg;
For when ye fail,
Ye'r face will not be worth a feg,
Nor yet ye'r tail.

"Whane'er ye meet a fool that's fou,
That ye're a maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice, but stick to him like glue;
And when set down,
Drive at the jango till he spew,
Syne he'll sleep soun'.

"When he's asleep, then dive and catch
His ready cash, his rings, or watch;
* * * * *

"Cleek a' ye can by hook or crook;
Ryp ilka pouch frae nook to nook;
Be sure to truff his pocket-book;
Saxty pounds Scots
Is nae deaf nits;(1) in little bouk
Lie great bank-notes.

"To get amends of whindging fools,(2)
That's frighted for repenting-stools,
Wha often when their metal cools,
Turn sweer to pay,—
Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools,(3)
Anither day.

(1) Or empty nuts: this is a negative manner of saying a thing is substantial.

(2) To be revenged of fellows who wear the wrong side of their faces outmost,—pretenders to sanctity who love to be smuggling in a corner.

(3) Inform against them to the kirk-treasurer. "Hale the dools" is a phrase used at foot-ball, where the party that gains the goal or dool, is said to hale it, or win the game, and so draws the stake.

"But dawt red-coats, and let them scoup,
Free for the fou of cutty stoup;(1)
To gee them up ye need na hope
Ere to do weel:
They'll rive ye'r brats, and kick your doup,
And play the deel.

"There's ae sair cross attends the craft,—
That curst correction-house, where aft
Wild hangy's tawz(2) ye'r riggings saft
Makes black and blae,—
Enough to put a body daft!
But what'll ye say?(3)

"Nane gathers gear withoutten care;
Ilk pleasure has of pain a share.
Suppose then they should tirle ye bare,
And gar ye sike;
E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair,—
Ye're neebour like.

"Forby, my loves, count upo' losses,—
Ye'r milk-white teeth, and cheeks like roses,
Whan jet-black hair and brigs of noses
Fa' down wi' dads,—
To keep your hearts up 'neath sic crosses,
Set up for bawds.

"Wi' weel-creesh'd loofs I hae been canty.
Whane'er the lads wad fain hae faun t'ye,

(1) Little pot; i. e. a gill of brandy.
(2) If they perform not the task assigned them, they are whipt by the hangman.
(3) The emphasis of this phrase, like many others, cannot be fully understood but by a native: its nearest meaning is, "But there is no help for it—so it must be."

To try the auld game taunty-raunty,
Like coofers keen,—
They took advice of me, your aunty,
If ye were clean.

"Then up I took my siller ca',
And whistl'd ben,(1) whiles ane, whiles twa;
Roun'd in his lug,(2) that there was a
Poor country Kate,
As halesome as the wall of Spa,
But unco blate.

"Sae whene'er company came in,
And were upo' a merry pin,
I slade awa' wi' little din,
And muckle mense;(3)
Let conscience judge;(4) it was a' ane
To Lucky Spence!

"My bennison come on good doers,
Who spend their cash on bawds and whores;
May they ne'er want the wale of cures
For a sair snout;
Foul fa' the quacks wha that fire smoors,(5)
And puts nae out!

"My malison light ilka day
On them that drink and dinna pay,

(1) "Butt and benn" signify different ends or rooms of a house: "to gang butt and benn," is to go from one end of the house to the other.
(2) Whispered in his ear.
(3) Much good-breeding.
(4) It was her usual way of vindicating herself, to tell ye: "When company came to her house, could she be so uncivil as to turn them out?—If they did any bad thing," said she, "between God and their conscience be it."
(5) Such quacks as bind up the external symptoms of the disease, and drive it inwards to the strongholds, whence it is not so easily expelled.

But tak' a snack and run away;
May't be their hap
Never to want a gonorrhea,
Or rotten clap!

"Lass, gi'e us in anither gill!
A mutchkin, jo, let's tak' our fill!
Let Death syne registrate his bill
Whan I want sense,
I'll slip away with better will!"—
Quo' Lucky Spence.

1728.

THE LAST SPEECH OF A WRETCHED MISER.(1)

"O DOOL! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear siller see,
That glanc'd sae sweetly in my e'e!
It breaks my heart!
My goud! my bands! alackanie,
That we should part!

"For you I labour'd night and day;
For you I did my friends betray;
For you on stinking caff I lay,
And blankets thin;
And for your sake fed mony a flea
Upon my skin.

"Like Tantalus, I lang have stood
Chin-deep into a siller flood;

(1) [* See vol. i p. 57.]

Yet ne'er was able for my blood,
But pain and strife,
To ware ae drap on claiths or food,
To cherish life.

"Or like the wissen'd beardless wights,
Wha herd the wives of eastern knights,
Yet ne'er enjoy the saft delights
Of lasses bonny;
Thus did I watch lang days and nights
My lovely money.

"Altho' my annual rents could feed
Thrice forty fouk that stood in need,
I grudg'd myself my daily bread;
And if frae hame,
My pouch produc'd an ingan head,
To please my wame.

"To keep you cosie in a hoord,
This hunger I with ease endur'd;
And never dought a doit afford
To ane of skill,
Wha for a dollar might have cur'd
Me of this ill.

"I never wore my claiths with brushing,
Nor rung away my sarks with washing;
Nor ever sat in taverns dashing
Away my coin,
To find out wit or mirth by clashing
O'er dearthfu' wine.

"Abeit my pow was bald and bare,
I wore nae frizzled limmer's hair,

Which taks of flour to keep it fair,
Frae reesting free,
As meikle as wad dine, and mair,
The like of me.

"Nor kept I servants, tales to tell,
But toom'd my coodies a' mysell;
To hane in candle I had a spell
Baith cheap and bright,—
A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,
Gives curious light.

"What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,
To save and starve, to cheat and lie,—
To live a beggar, and to die
Sae rich in coin?
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
Tho' Belzie join!

"Some said my looks were groff and sowr,—
Fretfu', drumbly, dull, and dowr;
I own it was na in my pow'r,
My fears to ding;
Wherefore I never could endure
To laugh or sing.

"I ever hated bookish reading,
And musical or dancing breeding,
And what's in either face or cleading,
Of painted things;
I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,
Except the king's.

"Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,
I never rhymers could endure,

They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,
I hate to ken 'em;
For 'gainst us thrifty sauls they're sure
To spit their venom.

"But waster wives, the warst of a'!
Without a yeuk they gar ane claw,
When wickedly they bid us draw
Our siller spungs,
For this and that to mak' them braw,
And lay their tongues.

"Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,
Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,
Some loo to woo beneath the birks
Their lemans bonny;
For me, I took them a' for stirks
That loo'd na money.

"They ca'd me slave to usury,—
Squeeze, cleave-the-hair, and peel-the-flea,
Clek, flae-the-flint, and penury,
And sauleless wretch!
But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,
Gin I grew rich.

"On profit a' my thoughts were bent;
And mony thousands have I lent,
But sickerly I took good tent,
That double pawns,
With a cudeigh, and ten per cent.
Lay in my hands.

"When borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug,
Rings, beads of pearl, or siller jug,

I sald them aff, ne'er fash'd my lug
With girns or curses,
The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
My swelling purses.

"Sometimes I'd sigh, and ape a saint,
And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,
Wad make a mane for them in want;
But for ought mair,
I never was the fool to grant
Them ony skair.

"I thought ane freely might pronounce
That chiel a very silly dunce,
That cou'd not honesty renunce,
With ease and joys,
At ony time, to win an unce
Of yellow boys.

"When young I some remorse did feel,
And liv'd in terror of the deel,
His furnace, whips, and racking-wheel;
But by degrees
My conscience, grown as hard as steel,
Gave me some ease.

"But fears of want, and carking care
To save my stock, and thirst for mair,
By night and day opprest me sair,
And turn'd my head;
While friends appear'd like harpies gare,
That wish'd me dead.

"For fear of thieves I aft lay waking
The live lang night, 'till day was breaking,

Syne throu' my sleep, with heart sair aiking,
I've aften started,
Thinking I heard my windows cracking,
When Elspa f——.

"O gear! I held ye lang the gither;
For you I starv'd my good auld mither,
And to Virginia sald my brither,
And crush'd my wife;
But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,
To leave my life!

"My life! my god! my spirit earns,
Not on my kindred, wife, or bairns,—
Sic are but very laigh concerns,
Compar'd with thee;
When now this mortal rottle warns
Me I maun die.

"It to my heart gaes like a gun,
To see my kin, and graceless son,
Like rooks, already are begun
To thumb my gear,
And cash that has na seen the sun
This fifty year.

"Oh! oh! that spendthrift son of mine,
Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,
And like dub-water skink the wine,
And dance and sing;
He'll soon gar my dear darlings dwine
Down to naithing!

"To that same place where'er I gang,
O could I bear my wealth alang,

Nae heir shou'd e'er a farthing fang,
That thus carouses,
Tho' they shou'd a' on woodies hang,
For breaking houses!

"Perdition! Sathan! is that you?
I sink—am dizzy—candle blue!"——
Wi' that he never mair play'd pew;
But with a rair,
Away his wretched spirit flew,
It maksnae where.

1721. [1718?]

THE SCRIBBLERS LASHED

That I thus prostitute my muse
On theme so low, may gain excuse,
When following motives shall be thought on,
Which have this doggerel fury brought on.
I'm call'd in honour to protect
The fair when treat with disrespect:
Besides, a zeal transports my soul,
Which no constraint can e'er control,
In service of the government,
To draw my pen and satire vent,
Against vile mongrels of Parnassus
Who through impunity oppress us.
'Tis to correct this scribbling crew
Who, as in former reigns, so now

Torment the world, and load our time
With jargon cloth'd in wretched rhyme;
Disgrace of numbers!—Earth! I hate them:
And as they merit, so I'll treat them.
  And first, those ill-bred things I lash,—
Those hated authors of the trash
In public spread, with little wit,
Much malice, rude and bootless spite,
Against the sex who have no arms
To shield them from insulting harms,
Except the lightning of their eye,
Which none but such blind dolts defy.
  Ungen'rous war, t' attack the fair!
But, ladies, fear not; ye're the care
Of ev'ry wit of true descent,
At once their song and ornament;
They'll ne'er neglect the lovely crowd;
But 'spite of all the multitude
Of scribbling fops, assert your cause,
And execute Apollo's laws,—
Apollo, who the bard inspires
With softest thoughts and divine fires,—
Than whom, on all the earth, there's no man
More complaisant to a fine woman!
Such veneration, mixt with love,
Points out a poet from above.
But Zanies, void of sense and merit,
Love, fire or fancy, wit or spirit;
Weak, frantic, clownish, and chagreen,
Pretending, prompt by zealous spleen,
T' affront your head-dress, or your bone-fence,
Make printers' presses groan with nonsense.
But while Sol's offspring lives, as soon
Shall they pull down his sister Moon.

They, with low incoherent stuff,
Dark sense or none, lines lame and rough,—
Without a thought, air, or address,—
All the whole loggerhead confess.
From clouded notions in the brain,
They scribble in a cloudy strain;
Desire of verse they reckon wit,
And rhyme without one grain of it.
Then hurry forth in public town
Their scrawls, lest they should be unknown.
Rather than want a fame, they choose
The plague of an infamous muse.
Unthinking, thus the sots aspire,
And raise their own reproach the high'r;
By meddling with the modes and fashions
Of women of politest nations.
Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,
That in their spirit something bold is,
To challenge those who have the skill,
By charms to save, and frowns to kill.
If not ambition, then 'tis spite
Which makes the puny insects write.
Like old and mouldy maids turn'd sour,
When distant charms have lost their pow'r,
Fly out in loud transports of passion,
When aught that's new comes first in fashion;
'Till by degrees it creeps right snodly,
On hips and head-dress of the g——y:
Thus they to please the sighing sisters,
Who often beet them in their misters, (1)
With their malicious breath set sail,
And write these silly things they rail.

(1) Oblige them upon occasion.

Pimps! such as you can ne'er extend
A flight of wit, which may amend
Our morals; that's a plot too nice
For you, to laugh folks out of vice.
Sighing "Oh hey!" ye cry, "Alas!
This fardingale's a great disgrace!"
And all, indeed, because an ancle
Or foot is seen, might monarchs mancle;
And makes the wise, with face upright,
Look up, and bless Heav'n for their sight.
In your opinion nothing matches—
O horrid sin! the crime of patches!—
'Tis false, ye clowns; I'll make't appear,
The glorious sun does patches wear:
Yea, run thro' all the frame of nature,
You'll find a patch for ev'ry creature:
Ev'n you yourselves, you blacken'd wretches,
To Heliconians are the patches.
But grant that ladies' modes were ills
To be reform'd, your creeping skills,
Ye rhymers never would succeed,
Who write what the polite ne'er read.
To cure an error of the fair,
Demands the nicest prudent care;
Wit utter'd in a pleasant strain,
A point so delicate may gain:
But that's a task as far above
Your shallow reach, as I'm from Jove.
No more then let the world be vexed
With baggage empty and perplexed;
But learn to speak with due respect
Of Peggie's breasts and ivory neck.
Such purblind eyes as yours, 'tis true,
Shou'd ne'er such divine beauties view.

If Nellie's hoop be twice as wide,
As her twa pretty limbs can stride;
What then? will any man of sense
Take umbrage, or the least offence,
At what e'en the most modest may
Expose to Phœbus' brightest ray?
Does not the handsome of our city,
The pious, chaste, the kind, and witty,
Who can afford it great and small,
Regard well-shapen fardingale?
And will you, magpies, make a noise?
You grumble at the ladies' choice!
But leave't to them, and mothers wise,
Who watch'd their conduct, mien, and guise,
To shape their weeds as fits their ease,
And place their patches as they please.
This should be granted without grudging,
Since we all know they're best at judging,
What from mankind demands devotion,
In gesture, garb, free airs, and motion.
But you, unworthy of my pen!
Unworthy to be class'd with men!
Haste to Caffar', ye clumsy sots,
And there make love to Hottentots.
Another set with ballads waste
Our paper, and debauch our taste
With endless 'larums on the street,
Where crowds of circling rabble meet.
The vulgar judge of poetry,
By what these authors sing and cry;
Yea, some who claim to wit amiss,
Cannot distinguish that from this:
Hence poets are accounted now,
In Scotland, a mean empty crew,

Whose heads are craz'd, who spend their time
In that poor wretched trade of rhyme:
Yet all the learn'd discerning part
Of mankind own the heavenly art
Is as much distant from such trash
As 'lay'd Dutch coin from sterling cash.
Others in lofty nonsense write,
Incomprehensible's their flight;
Such magic power is in their pen,
They can bestow on worthless men
More virtue, merit, and renown,
Than ever they could call their own.
They write with arbitrary power,
And pity 'tis they should fall lower;
Or stoop to truth, or yet to meddle
With common sense for crambo diddle.
But none of all the rhyming herd
Are more encourag'd and rever'd,
By heavy souls to theirs allied,
Than such who tell who lately died.
No sooner is the spirit flown
From its clay cage to lands unknown,
Than some rash hackney gets his name,
And through the town laments the same:
An honest burgess cannot die,
But they must weep in elegy:
Even when the virtuous soul is soaring
Through middle air, he hears it roaring.
These ills, and many more abuses,
Which plague mankind, and vex the muses,
On pain of poverty shall cease,
And all the fair shall live in peace:
And every one shall die contented,
Happy when not by them lamented.

For great Apollo, in his name,
Has order'd me thus to proclaim:
"Forasmuch as a grov'ling crew,
With narrow mind, and brazen brow,
Would fain to poet's title mount,
And with vile maggots rub affront
On an old virtuoso nation,
Where our lov'd Nine maintain their station;
We order strict that all refrain
To write, who learning want, and brain;
Pedants, with Hebrew roots o'ergrown,
Learn'd in each language but their own;
Each spiritless half-starving sinner,
Who knows not how to get his dinner;
Dealers in small ware, clinks, whim-whams,
Acrostics, puns, and anagrams;
And all who their productions grudge,
To be canvass'd by skilful judge,
Who can find out indulgent trip,
While 'tis in harmless manuscript:
But to all them who disobey,
And jog on still in their own way,
Be't kend to all men that our will is,
Since all they write so wretched ill is,
They must despatch their shallow ghosts
To Pluto's jakes, and take their posts,
There to attend till Dis shall deign
To use their works—the use is plain."
Now know, ye scoundrels, if ye stand
To huph and ha at this command,
The furies have prepar'd a halter,
To hang, or drive ye helter skelter,
Through bogs and moors, like rats and mice,
Pursued with hunger, rags, and lice,

If e'er ye dare again to croak,
And god of harmony provoke:
Wherefore pursue some craft for bread,
Where hands may better serve than head;
Nor ever hope in verse to shine,
Or share in Homer's fate or ———.

WEALTH, OR THE WOODY:

A POEM ON THE SOUTH SEA. (1)

Thalia, (2) ever welcome to this isle,
Descend, and glad the nation with a smile:
See frae yon bank where South Sea ebbs and flows,
How sand-blind Chance woodies and wealth bestows:
Aided by thee, I'll sail the wondrous deep,
And through the crowded alleys cautious creep.
No easy task to plough the swelling wave,
Or in stockjobbing press my guts to save;
But naething can our wilder passions tame,
Wha rax for riches or immortal fame.

Long had the grumblers used this murmuring sound,
"Poor Britain in her public debt is drown'd!"
At fifty millions late we started a',
And, wow, we wonder'd how the debt wad fa';
But sonsy sauls, wha first contriv'd the way,
With project deep our charges to defray,
O'er and aboon it heaps of treasure brings,
That fouk, by guess, become as rich as kings.
Lang heads they were that first laid down the plan,
Into whose bottom round anes headlang ran,

(1) [* See vol. i. p. 68.]

(2) The cheerful muse, who delights to imitate the actions of mankind, and to produce the laughing comedy; that kind of poetry which is ever acceptable to Britons.

'Till, overstock'd, they quat the sea, and fain wad been at land. (1)
Thus when braid flakes of snaw have clad the green,
Aften I have young sportive gilpies seen,
The waxing ba' with meikle pleasure row,
'Till past their pith it did unwieldy grow.
'Tis strange to think what changes may appear,
Within the narrow circle of a year;
How can ae project, if it be well laid,
Supply the simple want of trifling trade! (2)
Saxty lang years a man may rack his brain,
Hunt after gear baith night and day wi' pain,
And die at last in debt, instead of gain.
But, O South Sea, what mortal mind can run
Through all the miracles that thou hast done?
Nor scrimply thou thysell to bounds confines,
But like the sun on ilka party shines,
To poor and rich, the fools as well as wise,
With hand impartial stretches out the prize.
Like Nilus (3) swelling frae his unkend head,
Frae bank to brae o'erflows ilk rig and mead,
Instilling lib'ral store of genial sap,
Whence sun-burn'd Gypsies reap a plenteous crap;
Thus flows our sea, but with this diff'rence wide,
But anes a-year their river heaves his tide,
Ours aft ilk day, t' enrich the common weal,
Bangs o'er its banks, and dings Egyptian Nile.

(1) Land, in the time of this golden moment, was sold at forty-five or fifty years purchase.

(2) All manner of traffic and mechanics was at that time depised: subscriptions and transfers were the only commodities.

(3) A river which crosses a great part of Africa, the spring head thereof was unknown till of late. In the month of June it swells and overflows Egypt: when it rises too high, the inundation is dangerous, and threatens a famine. In this river are the monstrous amphibious animals named crocodiles, of the same species with the late alligators of the South Sea, which make a prey of and devour all human creatures they can lay hold on.

Ye rich and wise, we own success your due,
But your reverse their luck with wonder view; (1)
How, without thought, these dawted pets of Fate
Have jobb'd themselves into sae high a state,
By pure instinct sae leal the mark have hit,
Without the use of either fear or wit. (2)
And ithers wha last year their garrets kept,
Where duns in vision fash'd them while they slept,
Wha only durst in twilight, or the dark,
Steal to a common cook's with haff a mark,
A' their half stock:—now by a kanny gale,
In the o'erflowing ocean spread their sail;
While they in gilded gallies cut the tide,
Look down on fishers' boats wi' meikle pride. (3)
Meantime, the thinkers wha are out of play, (4)
For their ain comfort kenna what to say;
That the foundation's loose fain wad they shaw,
And think na but the fabric soon will fa':
That's but a sham—for inwardly they fry,
Vext that their fingers were na in the pye;
Faint-hearted wights, wha dully stood afar,
Tholling your reason great attempts to mar;
While the brave dauntless of sic fetters free,
Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden sea; (5)
Where now, like gods, they rule each wealthy jaw,
While you may thump your pows against the wa'.

(1) Poor fools!

(2) One was reckoned a timorous thinking fool, who took advice of his reason in this grand affair.

(3) Despised the virtuous design of propagating and carrying on a fishery, which can never fail to be a real benefit to Britain.

(4) Many of just thinking at that time were vexed to see themselves trudging on foot, when some others of very indifferent capacities were setting up gilded equipages: notwithstanding of all the doubts they formed against it, yet fretted because they were not so lucky as to have some shares.

(5) Threw off all the fetters of reason, and plunged gloriously into confusion.

On summer's e'en, the welkin cawm and fair,
When little midges frisk in lazy air,
Have ye not seen thro' ither how they reel,
And time about how up and down they wheel?
Thus eddies of stock-jobbers drive about,
Upmost to-day, the morn their pipe's put out.
With pensive face, whene'er the market's hy,
Minutius cries, "Ah! what a gowk was I."
Some friend of his wha wisely seems to ken (1)
Events of causes mair than ither men,
"Push for your interest yet, nae fear," he cries,
"For South Sea will to twice ten hundred rise."
Waes me for him that sells paternal land,
And buys when shares the highest sums demand;
He ne'er shall taste the sweets of rising stock,
Which faws neist day;—na help for't, he is broke.
Dear Sea, be tenty how thou flows at shams
Of Hogland Gad'rens (2) in their froggy dams
Lest in their muddy bogs thou chance to sink,
Where thou may'st stagnate, syne of course maun stink.
This I foresee, and time shall prove I'm right,
For he's nae poet wants the second sight;
When autumn's stores are ruck'd up in the yard,
And sleet and snaw dreeps down cauld winter's beard;
When bleak November winds make forests bare,
And with splenetic vapours fill the air;
Then, then in gardens, parks, or silent glen,
When trees bear naithing else, they'll carry men,
Wha shall like paughty Romans greatly swing
Aboon earth's disappointments in a string:

(1) With grave faces many at that time pretended they could demonstrate this hoped-for rise of South Sea.

(2) The Dutch; whom a learned author of a late essay has endeavoured to prove to be descended after a strange manner from the Gaderens: which essay Louis XIV. was mightily pleased with, and bounteously rewarded the author.

Sae ends the tow'ring saul that downa see
A man move in a higher sphere than he.
Happy that man wha has thrawn up a main,
Which makes some hundred thousands a' his ain,
And comes to anchor on so firm a rock,
Britannia's credit and the South Sea stock:
Ilk blythsome pleasure waits upon his nod,
And his dependants eye him like a god:
Close may he bend champaign frae e'en to morn,
And look on cells of tippony with scorn:
Thrice lucky pimps, or smug-fac'd wanton fair,
That can in a' his wealth and pleasure skair:
Like Jove he sits, like Jove, high heav'n's goodman,
While the inferior gods about him stand,
'Till he permits, with condescending grace,
That ilka ane in order take their place;
Thus with attentive look mensfou they sit,
'Till he speak first, and shaw some shining wit;
Syne circling wheels the flattering gaffaw,
As well they may, he gars their beards wag a'. (1)
Imperial gowd! what is't thou canna grant?
Possest of thee, what is't a man needs want?
Commanding coin! there's nothing hard to thee;
I canna guess how rich fowk come to die.
Unhappy wretch! link'd to the threed-bare nine,
The dazzling equipage can ne'er be thine:
Destin'd to toil thro' labyrinths of verse,
Dar'st speak of great stock-jobbing as a farce.
Poor thoughtless mortal! vain of airy dreams,
The flying horse and bright Apollo's beams,
And Helicon's wersh well thou ca's divine,
Are naithing like a mistress, coach, and wine.

(1) Feasts them at his own proper cost: hence the proverb, "Tis fair in ha' where beards wag a'."

Wad some good patron, whase superior skill
Can make the South Sea ebb and flow at will,
Put in a stock for me, I own it fair,
In epic strain I'd pay him to a hair;
Immortalize him, and whate'er he loves,
In flowing numbers I shall sing "approves:"
If not, fox like, I'll thraw my gab and gloom,
And ca' your hundred thousand a sour plum. (1)

THE RISE AND FALL OF STOCKS IN 1720. (2)

AN EPISTLE TO LORD RAMSAY.

MY LORD,

WITHOUTEN preface or preamble,
My fancy being on a ramble,
Transported with an honest passion,
Viewing our poor bambouzl'd nation,
Biting her nails, her knuckles wringing,
Her cheeks sae blae, her lips sae hinging;
Grief and vexation's like to kill her,
For tyning baith her tick and siller.
Allow me then to make a comment
On this affair of greatest moment,
Which has fa'n out, my Lord, since ye
Left Lothian and the Edgewell tree: (3)

(1) The fox in the fable, that despised the plumbs he could not reach, is well known:—one hundred thousand pounds being called a plum, makes this a right pun; and some puns deserve not to be classed among low wit, though the generality of them do.

(2) [* See vol. i. p. 70.]

(3) An oak tree which grows on the side of a fine spring, nigh the castle of Dalhousie; very much observed by the country people, who give out, that before any of the family died, a branch fell from the Edgewell tree. The old tree, some few years ago, fell altogether; but another sprung from the same root, which is now tall and flourishing; and lang be it sae.

And, with your leave, I needna stickle
To say we're in a sorry pickle,
Since poortith o'er ilk head does hover
Frae John-o'-Groat's house (1) south to Dover.
Sair have we pelted been with stocks,
Casting our credit at the cocks;
Lang guilty of the highest treason
Against the government of reason;
We madly, at our ain expences,
Stock-jobb'd away our cash and senses.
As little bairns frae winnocks hy
Drap down saip-bells to waiting fry,
Wha run and wrestle for the prize,
With face erect and watchfou eyes;
The lad wha gleggest waits upon it,
Receives the bubble on his bonnet,
Views with delight the shining beau-thing,
Which in a twinkling bursts to nothing:
Sae Britain brought on a' her troubles,
By running daftly after bubbles.
Impos'd on by lang-nebbit jugglers,
Stock-jobbers, brokers, cheating smugglers,
Wha set their gowden girns sae wylie,
Tho' ne'er sae cautious, they'd beguile ye:
The covetous infatuation
Was smittle out o'er all the nation;
Clergy, and lawyers, and physicians,
Mechanics, merchants, and musicians;
Baith sexes, of a' sorts and sizes,
Drap ilk design, and jobb'd for prizes;
Frae noblemen to livery varlets,
Frae topping toasts to hackney harlots:

(1) The northmost house in Scotland

Poetic dealers were but scarce,
Less browden still on cash than verse;
Only ae bard (1) to coach did mount,
By singing praise to Sir John Blunt;
But since his mighty patron fell,
He looks just like Jock Blunt himsel. (2)
Some lords and lairds sell'd riggs and castles,
And play'd them aff with tricky rascals,
Wha now with routh of riches vapour,
While their late honours live on paper:
But ah! the difference 'twixt good land,
And a poor bankrupt bubble's band.
Thus Europeans Indians rifle,
And give them for their gowd some trifle;
As dewgs of velvet, chips of crystal,
A facon's bell, or baubee whistle.
Merchants' and bankers' heads gade wrang,
They thought to millions they might spang,
Despis'd the virtuous road to gain,
And look'd on little bills with pain;
The well-win thousands of some years,
In ae big bargain disappears:
'Tis sair to bide, but wha can help it,
Instead of coach, on foot they skelp it.
The ten per cents wha durstna venture,
But lent great sums upon indenture,
To billies wha as frankly war'd it,
As they out of their guts had spar'd it;
When craving money they have lent,
They're answer'd, item, "A' is spent."
The miser hears him with a gloom,
Girns like a brock, and bites his thumb,

(1) Vide Dick Francklin's epistle.
(2) This is commonly said of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment.

Syne shores to grip him by the wyson,
And keep him a' his days in prison.
"Sae may ye do," replies the debtor,
"But that can never mend the matter;
As soon can I mount Charlewain,
As pay ye back your gear again."
Poor Mouldy rins quite by himsel, (1)
And bans like ane broke loose frae hell.
It lulls a wee my mullygrubs,
To think upon these bitten scrubs,
When naithing saves their vital low,
But the expences of a tow.
Thus children aft with carefu' hands,
In summer dam up little strands,
Collect the drizzle to a pool,
In which their glowing limbs they cool;
'Till by comes some ill deedy gift, (2)
Wha in the bulwark makes a rift,
And with ae strake in ruins lays
The work of use, art, care, and days.
Even handycraftsmen too turn'd saucy,
And maun be coaching 't thro' the causy;
Syne strut fou paughty in the alley,
Transferring thousands with some valley;
Grow rich in fancy, treat their whore,
Nor mind they were, or shall be poor:
Like little Joves they treat the fair,
With gowd frae banks built in the air;
For which their Danaes (3) lift the lap,
And compliment them with a clap;
Which by aft jobbing grows a pox,
'Till brigs of noses fa' with stocks.

(1) Mad; out of his wits.
(2) A roguish boy, who is seldom without doing a bad action.
(3) Danae, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, to whom Jupiter descended in a shower of gold.

Here coachmen, grooms, or pavement trotter,
Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to snotter;
Like a shot starn, that thro' the air
Skyts east or west with unco glare,
But found neist day on hillock side,
Na better seems nor paddock ride.
Some reverend brethren left their flocks,
And sank their stipends in the stocks;
But tining baith, like Æsop's colly,
O'er late, they now lament their folly.
For three warm months, May, June, and July,
There was odd scrambling for the spulzy;
And mony a ane, 'till he grew tir'd,
Gather'd what gear his heart desir'd.
We thought that dealer's stock an ill ane,
That was not wordy haff a million.
O had this golden age but lasted,
And no sae soon been broke and blasted,
There is a person (1) well I ken,
Might wi' the best gane right far ben;
His project better might succeeded,
And far less labour had he needed:
But 'tis a daffin to debate,
And aurgle-bargin with our fate.
Well, had this gowden age but lasted,
And not sae soon been broke and blasted,
O wow my Lord, these had been days,
Which might have claimed your poet's lays;
But soon, alake! the mighty Dagon
Was seen to fa' without a rag on:
In harvest was a dreadfu' thunder,
Which gart a' Britain glowr and wonder;

(1) Meaning myself, with regard to my printing this volume by subscription.

The phizzing bout came with a blatter,
And dry'd our great sea to a gutter.
But mony fowk with wonder speir,
What can become of a' the gear ?
For a' the country is repining,
And ilka ane camplains of tyning.
Plain answer I had best let be,
And tell ye just a simile.
Like Belzie when he nicks a witch,
Wha sells her saul she may be rich;
He, finding this the bait to damn her,
Casts o'er her e'en his cheating glamour:
She signs and seals, and he affords
Her heaps of visionary hoords:
But when she comes to count the cunzie,
'Tis a' sklate stanes instead of money.
Thus we've been trick'd with braw projectors,
And faithfu' managing directors,
Wha for our cash, the saul of trade,
Bonny propines of paper made;
On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,
Had they not vanisht into air.
When South Sea tyde was at a height,
My fancy took a daring flight; (1)
Thalia, lovely muse, inspir'd
My breast, and me with foresight fir'd,
Rapt into future months, I saw
The rich aërial Babel fa';
'Yond seas I saw the upstarts drifting,
Leaving their coaches for the lifting:
These houses fit for wights gane mad,
I saw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had;
While little sauls sunk with despair,
Implor'd cauld death to end their care.

(1) 'Wealth or the Woody;' wrote in the month of June last.

But now a sweeter scene I view,
Time has, and time shall prove it true;
For fair Astrea moves frae heav'n,
And shortly shall make a' odds even:
The honest man shall be regarded,
And villains as they ought rewarded.
The setting moon and rosie dawn
Bespeak a shining day at hand;
A glorious sun shall soon arise,
To brighten up Britannia's skies:
Our king and senate shall engage
To drive the vultures off the stage;
Trade then shall flourish, and ilk art
A lively vigour shall impart
To credit languishing and famisht,
And Lombard-street shall be replenisht.
Got safe ashore after this blast,
Britons shall smile at follies past.
God grant your Lordship joy and health,
Lang days, and rowth of real wealth;
Safe to the land of cakes heav'n send ye,
And frae cross accidents defend ye.

1721.

THE SATYR'S COMIC PROJECT

FOR RECOVERING A BANKRUPT STOCK-JOBBER. (1)

On the shore of a low-ebbing sea, (2)
A sighing young jobber was seen,

(1) [* See vol. i. p. 70.]
(2) From the beginning to the 20th line sing to the tune of "Colin's Complaint."—From the 21st line, where the satyr begins to speak, sing to the tune of "The Kirk wad let me be."

Staring wishfully at an old tree,
Which grew on the neighbouring green.
There's a tree that can finish the strife
And disorder that wars in my breast;
What need one be pain'd with his life,
When a halter can purchase him rest?

Sometimes he would stamp and look wild,
Then roar out a terrible curse
On bubbles that had him beguil'd,
And left ne'er a doit in his purse.
A satyr that wander'd along,
With a laugh to his raving reply'd;
The savage maliciously sung,
And jok'd while the stock-jobber cry'd.

To mountains and rocks he complain'd,
His cravat was bath'd with his tears;
The satyr drew near like a friend,
And bid him abandon his fears:
Said he, Have ye been at the sea,
And met with a contrary wind,
That you rail at fair Fortune so free?
Don't blame the poor goddess, she's blind.

Come hold up thy head, foolish wight,
I'll teach thee the loss to retrieve;
Observe me this project aright,
And think not of hanging, but live.
Hecatissa conceited and old,
Affects in her airs to seem young,
Her jointure yields plenty of gold,
And plenty of nonsense her tongue.

Lay siege to her for a short space,
Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or grey;

Extol her for beauty and grace,
And doubt not of gaining the day.
In wedlock you fairly may join,
And when of her wealth you are sure,
Make free with the old woman's coin,
And purchase a sprightly young w——.

1720.

BAGPIPES NO MUSIC:

BEING A SATIRE ON SCOTS POETRY.

As Dryden justly term'd poetic sound,
A pacing Pegasus on carpet ground:
Roscommon's nervous sense your verses yield,
A courser bounding o'er the furrow'd field:
The track pursue, that thinking Scots may see
The comprehensive English energy.
Scotch Maggy may go down at Aberdeen,
Where bonnets, bag-pipers, and plaids are seen;
But such poor gear no harmony can suit,
Much fitter for a Jew's trump than a lute.
Low bells, not lyres, the Highland cliffs adorn,
Macklean's loud halloo, or Mackgregor's horn.
Sooner shall China yield to earthen ware,
Sooner shall Abel teach a singing bear,
Than English bards let Scots torment their ear.
Who think their rustic jargon to explain,
For anes is once; lang, long; and two is twain;
Let them to Edinburgh foot it back,
And add their poetry to fill their pack;
While you, the fav'rite of the tuneful Nine,
Make English deeds in English numbers shine:

Leave Ramsay's clan to follow their own ways,
And while they mumble thistles, wear the bays.

JOHN COUPER.

GRUB-STREET NAE SATIRE;

AN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

Dear John, what ails ye now?—lie still!
Hout man! what need ye take it ill,
That Allan buried ye in rhyme,
May be a start afore ye'r time? (1)
He's naithing but a shire daft lick,
And disna care a fiddlestick,
Altho' your tutor Curl and ye
Shou'd serve him sae in elegy.
Doup down, doild ghaist, and dinna fash us,
With "carpet ground," and "nervous" clashes!
Your Grub-street jargon Dryden wounds,
When mixt with his poetic sounds.
You pace on Pegasus! take care,
He'll "bound o'er furrow'd fields" of air,
And fling ye headlong frae the skies,
Never a second time to rise:
With sic a fa', alake! ye'll e'en a'
Dash into sherds like broken China:
China and men the same fate skair,
Ah me! baith bruckle earthen ware.
Lang serv'd ye in a mettled station,
The foremost beagle of our nation,
For scenting out the yielding creature,
Wha us'd to play at whats-the-matter:

(1) See John Cowper's Elegy, vol. 1. p. 291.

But now, O fye for shame! to trudge
Mun Curle's poor hackney scribbling drudge,
"To fill his pack," while you, right fair,
Gain title braw, "his singing bear."
But, John, wha taught ye ilka name,
That shines sae bonnily in fame,
Roscommon, Stanhope, Ramsay, Dryden,
Wha back of winged horse cou'd ride on?
A' them we ken; but wha the d——
Bad you up hill Parnassus speel?
You Ramsay make a feckfu' man,
Ringleader of a hearty clan:
Goodfaith it sets ye well to fear him,
For gin ye etle anes to steer him,
He'll gloom ye dead:—in "rustic" phrase,
He'll gar his "thistles" rive your "bays!"

PATE BIRNIE.

1728.

REASONS FOR NOT ANSWERING THE HACKNEY SCRIBBLERS.

These to my blyth indulgent friends,
Dull faes nought at my hand deserve:
To pump an answer's a' their ends;
But not ae line if they should starve.

Whae'er shall with a midding fight,
Of victory will be beguil'd;
Dealers in dirt will be to dight,
Fa' they aboon or 'neath they're fil'd.

It helps my character to heez,
When I'm the butt of creeping tools;
The warld, by their daft medley, sees
That I've nae enemies but fools.

But sae it has been, and will be,
While real poets rise to fame,
Sic poor Macflecknos will let flee
Their venom, and still miss their aim.

Should ane like Young or Somer'le write,
Some canker'd coof can say, 'tis wrang;
On Pope sic mongrels shawed their spite,
And shot at Addison their stang.

But well, dear Spec, the feckless asses,
To wiest insect even'd and painted,
Sic as by magnifying glasses
Are only kend when through them tented.

The blundering fellows ne'er forget,
About my trade to feed their fancies,
As if, forsooth, I wad look blate,
At what my honour maist advances.

Auld Homer sang for's daily bread;
Surprising Shakspeare fin'd the wool;
Great Virgil creels and baskets made;
And famous Ben employ'd the trowel.

Yet Dorset, Lansdown, Lauderdale,(1)
Bucks, Stirling,(2) and the son of Angus,(3)

(1) The translator of Virgil.
(2) William Alexander earl of Stirling, the author of many dramatic pieces.
(3) Gawin Douglas bishop of Dunkeld, the celebrated translator of Virgil's Æneid. He was son of Archibald sixth earl of Angus.

Even monarchs, and of men the wale,
Were proud to be inrow'd among us.

Then, hackneys, write 'till ye gae wood,
Drudge for the hawkers day and night;
Your malice cannot move my mood,
And equally your praise I slight.

I've gotten mair of fame than's due,
Which is secur'd amang the best;
And should I tent the like of you,
A little saul wad be confest.

Nae mastiff minds a yamphing cur;
A craig defies a frothy wave;
Nor will a lion raise his fur,
Although a monkey misbehave;

NAM SATIS EST EQUITEM MIHI PLAUDERE.

'728.'

THE GENERAL MISTAKE:

INSCRIBED TO LORD ERSKINE.

THE finish'd mind in all its movements bright,
Surveys the self-made sumph in proper light,
Allows for native weakness, but disdains
Him who the character with labour gains:
Permit me then, my Lord, (since you arise
With a clear saul aboon the common size,)
To place the following sketches in your view;
The warld will like me if I'm rees'd by you.
Is there a fool frae senator to swain?
Take ilk ane's verdict for himself—there's nane.

A thousand other wants make thousands fret,
But nane for want of wisdom quarrels fate.
Alas! how gen'ral proves the great mistake,
When others through their neighbours' failings rake;
Detraction then by spite is borne too far,
And represents men warse than what they are.
Come then, Impartial Satire, fill the stage
With fools of ilka station, sex, and age;
Point out the folly, hide the person's name,
Since obduration follows public shame:
Silent conviction calmly can reform,
While open scandal rages to a storm.
Proceed; but, in the list, poor things forbear,
Who only in the human form appear,
Scarce animated with that heav'nly fire
Which makes the soul with boundless thoughts aspire:
Such move our pity—nature is to blame;
'Tis fools in some things wise, that satire claim;
Such as Nugator—mark his solemn mien,
Stay'd are his features, scarcely move his een,
Which deep beneath his knotted eye-brows sink,
And he appears, as ane wad guess, to think:
Even sae he does, and can exactly shaw
How many beans make five, take three awa':
Deep read in Latin folios four inch thick;
He probes your crabit points into the quick;
Delights in dubious things to give advice,
Admires your judgment, if you think him wise,
And stiffly stands by what he anes thought right,
Although oppos'd with reason's clearest light:
On him ilk argument is thrown away,
Speak what you will, he tents not what you say;
He hears himsell, and currently runs o'er
All on the subject he has said before;

'Till glad to ease his jaws and tired tongue,
Th' opponent rests;—Nugator thinks him dung.
Thou solemn trifler! ken thou art despis'd,
Thy stiff pretence to wisdom naething priz'd,
By sic as can their notions fause decline,
When truth darts on them with convicting shine.
How hateful's dull opinion, prop'd with words
That naught to any ane of sense affords,
But tiresome jargon!—Learn to laugh, at least,
That part of what thou says may pass for jest.

Now turn your eye to smooth Chicander next,
In whom good sense seems with good humour mixt;
But only seems:—for envy, malice, guile,
And sic base vices, crowd behind his smile;
Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend,
He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end:
A crime! no, 'tis his brag; he names it wit,
And triumphs o'er a better man he's bit.
Think shame, Chicander, of your creeping slights,
True wisdom in sincerity delights;
The sumphish mob of penetration shawl,
May gape and ferly at your cunning saul,
And make ye fancy that there is desert
In thus employing a' your sneaking art;
But do not think that men of clearer sense
Will e'er admit of sic a vile pretence,
To that which dignifies the human mind,
And acts in honour with the bright and blind.

Reverse of this fause face, observe yon youth,
A strict plain-dealer, aft o'er-stretching truth;
Severely sour, he's ready to reprove
The least wrang step in those who have his love;
Yet what's of worth in them he overrates;
But, much they're to be pitied whom he hates:

Here his mistake, his weakest side appears,
When he a character in pieces tears,
He gives nae quarter, nor to great or sma',
Even beauty guards in vain, he lays at a'.
This humour, aften flowing o'er due bounds,
Too deeply mony a reputation wounds;
For which he's hated by the suffering crowd,
Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,
And as much shun his sight and bitter tongue,
As they wad do a wasp that had them stung.
Censorious! learn sometimes at faults to wink,
The wisest ever speak less than they think:
Though thus superior judgment you may vaunt,
Yet this proud wormwood show o't speaks a want;
A want in which your folly will be seen,
Till you increase in wit and have less spleen.
Make way there, when a mortal god appears!
Why do ye laugh?—king Midas wore sic ears.
How wise he looks!—Well, wad he never speak,
People wad think him neither dull nor weak:
But ah! he fancies, 'cause he's chos'n a tool,
That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool;
Straight he with paughty mien and lordly glooms,
A vile affected air, not his, assumes;
Stawks stiffly by when better men salute,
Discovering less of senator than brute.
Yet is there e'er a wiser man than he?—
Speer at himsell; and, if he will be free,
He'll tell you, nane.—Will judges tell a lie?
But let him pass, and with a smile observe
Yon tatter'd shadow, amaist like to starve;
And yet he struts, proud of his vast engine:
He is an author, writes exquisite fine;
Sae fine, in faith, that every vulgar head
Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.

He hates the world for this: with bitter rage,
He damns the stupid dulness of the age.
The printer is unpaid: booksellers swear
Ten copies will not sell in ten long year;
And wad not that sair fret a learned mind,
To see those shou'd be patrons prove so blind,
Not to approve of what cost meikle pains,
Neglect of bus'ness, sleep, and waste of brains?
And a' for nought but to be vilely us'd,
As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd.
Ah! fellow-lab'rers for the press, take heed,
And force nae fame that way, if ye wad speed:
Mankind must be, we hae na other judge,
And if they are displeas'd, why should we grudge?
If happily you gain them to your side,
Then baldly mount your Pegasus and ride:
Value yoursell what only they desire;
What does not take, commit it to the fire.
Next him a penman, with a bluffer air,
Stands 'tween his twa best friends that lull his care,
Nam'd "Money in baith Pouches;"—with three lines,
Yclept a bill, he digs the Indian mines;
Jobs, changes, lends, extorses, cheats, and grips,
And no ae turn of gainfu' us'ry slips,
'Till he has won, by wise pretence and snell,
As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell,
His ain lang hame.—This sucker thinks nane wise,
But him that can to immense riches rise:
Lear, honour, virtue, and sic heavenly beams,
To him appear but idle airy dreams,
Not fit for men of business to mind,
That are for great and golden ends design'd.
Send for him, de'el!—'Till then, good men, take care
To keep at distance frae his hook and snare;

He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play,
He'll draw, indorse, and horn to death his prey.
Not thus MacSomno pushes after praise,
He treats, and is admir'd in all he says:
Cash well bestow'd, which helps a man to pass
For wise in his ain thinking, that's an ass:
Poor skybalds! curs'd with more of wealth than wit,
Blyth of a gratis gaudeamus, sit
With look attentive, ready all about,
To give the laugh when his dull joke comes out:
Accustom'd with his conversation bright,
They ken, as by a watch, the time of night,
When he's at sic a point of sic a tale,
Which to these parasites grows never stale,
Though often tald. Like Lethe's stream, his wine
Makes them forget—that he again may shine.
"Fy! satire, haud thy tongue, thou art too rude
To jeer a character that seems sae good:
This man may beet the poet bare and clung,
That rarely has a shilling in his spung."
Hang him! there's patrons of good sense enew,
To cherish and support the tuneful few,
Whose penetration's never at a loss
In right distinguishing of gold frae dross:
Employ me freely if thou'd laurels wear,
Experience may teach thee not to fear.
But see anither gives mair cause for dread,
He thraws his gab, and aft he shakes his head;
A slave to self-conceit and a' that's sour,
T' acknowledge merit is not in his pow'r.
He reads, but ne'er the author's beauties minds.
And has nae pleasure where nae faults he finds.
Much-hated gowk! though vers'd in kittle rules,
To be a wirrykow to writing fools.

They sell the greatest, only learn'd in words,
Which naething but the cauld and dry affords;
Dar'st thou of a' thy betters slighting speak,
That have nae grutten sae meikle, learning Greek?
Thy depth's well kend, and a' thy silly vaunts,
To ilka solid thinker shaw thy wants.
Thus cowards deave us with a thousand lies
Of dang'rous vict'ries they have won in pleas;
Sae shallow upstarts strive with care to hide
Their mean descent, which inly gnaws their pride,
By counting kin, and making endless faird,
If that their granny's uncle's oye's a laird.
Scarcrows! hen-hearted! and ye meanly born!
Appear just what you are, and dread nae scorn;
Labour in words, keep hale your skins: why not?
Do well, and nane your laigh extract will quote,
But to your praise. Walk aff, till we remark
Yon little coxy wight that makes sic wark
With tongue and gait: how crously does he stand!
His taes turn'd out, on his left haunch his hand;
The right beats time a hundred various ways,
And points the pathos out in a' he says.
Wow! but he's proud, when amaist out of breath,
At ony time he clatters a man to death,
Wha is oblig'd sometimes to attend the sot,
To save the captiv'd buttons of his coat,
Thou dinsome jackdaw! ken 'tis a disease
This palsy in thy tongue that ne'er can please:
Of a' mankind, thou art the maist mistane,
To think this way the name of sage to gain.
Now, lest I should be thought too much like thee,
I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee;
If they allow my picture's like the life,
Mae shall be drawn; originals are rife.

AN ADDRESS OF THANKS

FROM THE SOCIETY OF RAKES

To the pious Author of an Essay upon improving and adding to the Strength of Great Britain and Ireland by Fornication.

We Noblemen, Barons, and Burgesses of the foresaid Class, to the Rev. Dr. PHILOSARK, greeting:

THANKS and renown be ever thine,
O daring, sensible divine!
Who in a few learn'd pages,
Like great Columbus, now discovers
A pleasing warld to a' young lovers,
Unken'd to by-past ages.

Down, down with the repenting-stools,
That gart the younkers look like fools
Before the congregation,
Since thou, learn'd youth of rising fame,
Prov'st that there's neither sin nor shame
In simple fornication.

Now lads, laugh a', and tak your wills,
And scowp around like tups and bulls,
Have at the bonny lasses:
For conscience has nae mair to say,
Our clergyman has clear'd the way,
And proven our fathers asses.

Our dotard dads, snool'd wi' their wives
To girn and scart our wretched lives,
'Till death bound to a fixt ane;

But now as free as cocks and sparrows,
We lawfully may shift our marrows,
And wheel round to the next ane.

Thus any mettled man may have,
Between his cradle and his grave,
By lawful fornication,
Bairns mony mae, with far less din,
Thus free, and be mair useful in
His day and generation.

Thus we may patriotism shaw,
And serve our country ane and a',
By fruitful propagation:
Thus will we bravely man our fleet,
Thus make our regiments a' complete,
And clear frae debts the nation.

Hence shall we never mair hear tell
Of lasses leading apes in hell,
Like them wha aften harl'd
Ane useless life up to fourscore,
Leal maids, and scarcely kent wherefore
They were sent to the warld.

The mimmest now, without a blush,
May speer if any billy sprush
Has fancy for her beauty:
For since the awband's tane away,
The bonny lass has nought to say
Against a moral duty.

Adultery is the warst of crimes,
And calls for vengeance on these times,
As practis'd in this nation;

But that vile sin can be no more,
When marriage is turn'd out of door
By franker fornication.

Peace be to you in dochters rife,
Since nane needs now to be a wife,
Their tochers winna fash ye;
That universal ane of Cramond,
That gaes alang wi' a good gammon,
Will set aff ilka lassie.

Yet some by your new light will lose,
For those wha kirk affairs engross,
Their session books may burn all;
Since fornication's pipe's put out,
What will they have to crack about,
Or jot into their journal?

Even fell K. T. that gart us ban,
And eke that setting-dog his man,
May turn Italian singers,
Or use a teugh St. Johnston ribbon,
For now the gain they were so glib on,
Is slipt out thro' their fingers.

Nae mair at early hours and late
Shall they round bawdy houses wait,
Like cats for straggling mice;
Departed is that fund of fending,
When fornicators for offending
They gart pay ony price.

Rejoice ye lads of little rent,
Wha loo'd the game, but did lament
Your purses being skranky;

The dearth of forny's now away,
Since lawfu', ye have nought to pay,
But welcome and we thank ye.

Poor fornicators now grown auld,
Whase blood begins to creep but cauld,
Will grumble with reflection,
To think what fashery they gaed through,
Dear Doctor, wanting ane like you
To give them right direction.

What say ye for yourselves, ye priests,
For naming kind whoremasters beasts,
When using of their freedom?
We hope ye'll cease to take offence
At worthy wives like Lucky Spence,
Or useful mother Needham.

Look up, ye matrons, if ye can,
And bless the reverend pious man,
Who proves that your procuring
Is now sae far frae being a crime,
That devotees, when past their prime,
May lend a hand to whoring.

The fair ane frighted for her fame,
Shall for her kindness bear nae blame,
Or with kirk-censure grapple;
Whilk gart some aft their leeful lane,
Bring to the warld the luckless wean,
And sneg its infant thrapple:

For which by rude, unhallow'd fallows,
They were surrounded to the gallows,
Making sad ruefu' murgeons;

" 'Till their warm pulse forgot to play,
They sang, they swang, and died away,"
Syne were gi'en to the surgeons.

O leader! see that ye be sure
That 'tis nae sin to play the whore;
For some in haly station
They contrair threep, and sair abuse ye;
But we'll aft drink your health and reese ye,
For reesing fornication.

We might foresee the canker'd clergy
Wad with vile heterodoxy charge ye,
And cast you out frae mang them;
But that has been the common fate
Of a' reformers wha debate,
Or struggle to o'ergang them.

But letna their ill word disturb ye;
'Tis but a blast, they canna curb ye;
Or cramp your new devotions:
A Briton free thinks as he likes,
And as his fancy takes the fykes,
May preach or print his notions.

Be satisfy'd, your doctrine new
Will favour find with not a few,
It being sae inviting;
And tho' they kick ye frae their kirk,
For that sma' skaith ye need not irk,
We'll make you a braw meeting.

O had we fifty vacant kirks,
By pith, or slight, or ony quirks,
And we erected patrons,

Then should you see the Patron Act
Demolish a' the narrow pack,
And sessions rul'd by matrons.

The fattest stipend should be thine,
Thou pious and maist pure divine,
Thy right is back'd wi' reason;
For wha can doubt your care of sauls,
Wha loudly for mair bodies calls,
In this degenerate season?

But nine and forty pulpits still
Would then remain for you to fill
With men of mighty gifts;
Then, students, there were hopes for you
Wha're of the learn'd freethinking crew,
And now are at your shifts.

Your essay shaws your eloquence,
Your courtly style and flow of sense;
And tho' some say ye blunder,
Ye do them sae with scripture pelt,
They will be forc'd to thumb your belt
At last, and a' knock under.

Your scheme must take; for let me tell ye,
'Tis a good trade that fills the belly,
The proverb proves it plainly:
And to say goodness is not good,
Wad shaw a mind extremely rude,
To argue so prophanely.

Thou well deservest high promotion,
Wha'st wrote with sic a lively motion
Upon multiplication:

To enrich a kingdom's better far
Than that curst business of war,
That ushers desolation.

Doctor, farewel: O never stint,
For love's sweet sake to preach and print,
Tho' some with Bedlam shore ye;
Do not sma' punishment regard,
Since virtue has its ain reward,
In persecution, glory.

END OF VOL. II.